

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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FRENCH PICTURE SUPPLEMENT

See
Inside

A BLACKFELLOW LIGHTS A FIRE

TROUBLE ON THE FRINGE OF CIVILISATION

How Mrs Bates Spent Christmas
on the Great Australian Plain

THE FLAMES ABOUT THE CAMP

While most of us in England were warming ourselves by the fire on Christmas Day our Australian correspondent, Mrs Daisy Bates, with the help of two railwaymen and a few Blackfellows, was struggling to turn the path of a bush fire which threatened to bear down on her tent.

This is her description of a Christmas on the edge of the great central plain of Australia.

The day came in raging and roaring, with a hot northerly intent on mischief. My Christmas party arrived in detachments of four, for there is a severance just now between the natives, a fact that is due to some newly-initiated men now among them.

Dinner was distributed all round, and none of us saw danger in the smoke visible to the east of my camp. Ngoora-bil-nga, who is new to civilisation and knew nothing of the dangers of fire, had foolishly lighted a fire as he travelled up to his Christmas dinner with Kabbarli, which means Grandmother (their name for me); and the northerly wind changed and sent the fire east, north, and west of my camp.

Shelter-Seeking Birds

A ganger and his helper kindly came along after their day's work to see if the camp was safe. The fire crept nearer, but we could do nothing in the dark.

Next morning the ganger came again, and with the help of the natives we cleared a large space round my breakwind. The fire had then reached the foot of the hill where my tent is.

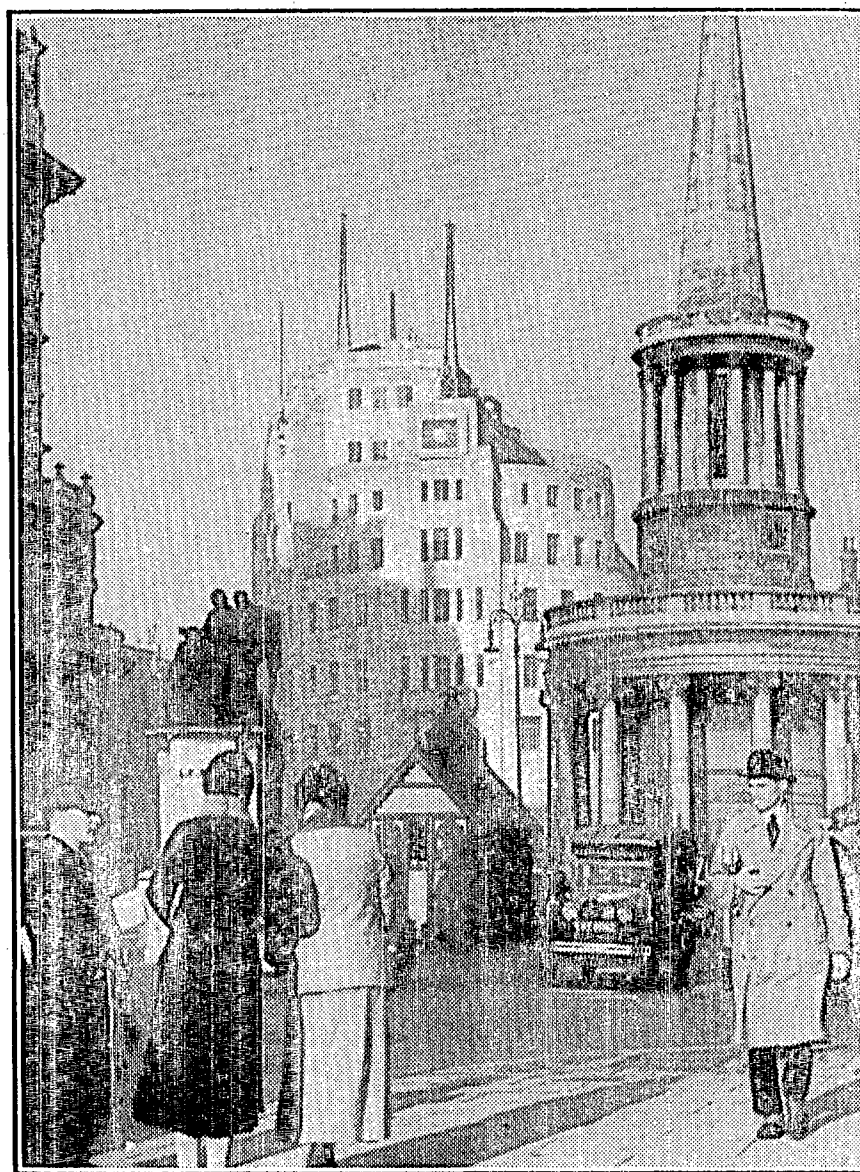
All Boxing Day and Sunday we spent in clearing dried trees and bushes and the lovely herbage of the rainy months, now dried and withered and highly inflammable. The birds came out of the burning parts to the shelter of the breakwind. The ganger had never seen such a number, and they drank the hot water we put out for them in vessels—rare birds and common, all in a terrible state of heat and thirst.

Lemons and Hot Water

We dug a pit several feet deep and buried my precious manuscripts, papers, and books, covering them with four feet of sand, bagging, and tin. I was glad when I knew they were safe. Huge spiral whirlwinds would send our hearts into our mouths as they took up flying sparks and blazing twigs and dropped them here and there, starting fresh fires.

All day we worked, everyone in rags from the haste and nature of the clearing work. I could not cook any food in such a heat and at such a time. Lemons and hot water (for there was nothing to cool it) formed our food and drink.

Broadcasting House



One of the most interesting of London's new buildings is the B.B.C.'s headquarters in Langham Place, here seen between All Souls Church and the Quintin Hogg memorial.

On Sunday evening we made a big effort, and the ganger encouraged me to hope that everything was safe.

I am writing this on the Monday morning after Christmas. My native friends are all on guard at the various danger points. They work so splendidly that when all danger is past and the cool, sweet south wind blows again they shall have another Christmas dinner.

It is 110 degrees, and not yet noon, and the northerly is still active and vicious, but I think the worst is over. It was a very near thing, and my first experience of a big bush fire. Ngoora-bil-nga, the cause of all the trouble, has only touched this fringe of civilisation since 1930. He did not realise what his little fire would do, but he knows now, poor fellow. He feels the disgrace he is in with the white men. I know he has learned his lesson, and I treat him gently; but he is afraid to join the others in putting out the fires, as he fears their wrath.

I spent four hours on Sunday morning covering logs and branches with sand,

and while we were in the midst of it all a special train went down the line carrying girls and boys of the Young Australian League to Western Australia. As they passed Ooldea the thermometer must have been nearly 114 degrees, so great was the heat.

A RADIUM WEDDING

We often hear of golden weddings; we know of diamond weddings; we are told that 65 years of married life makes a ruby wedding.

But whether it is their radium or their platinum wedding that Mr and Mrs Brisby of Wreton, in Yorkshire, are now celebrating we cannot tell. All we know is that they have been married seventy years. Mr Brisby became a local preacher at the time when the latest news from the Crimea was the one subject after the service.

This fine old Yorkshire couple have seen great days and tragic days, but we hope they have been mainly happy days. We send our best wishes for a happy and peaceful evening of their life together.

THE POET IN THE EMPTY HOUSE

REVIVING A PORTRAIT ON THE WALL

Author of a Phrase Quoted by
Paul to the Corinthians

MENANDER AT POMPEII

They have been restoring a fresco on the walls of a house in Pompeii which has stood empty nearly 20 centuries.

Those who were in charge of the restoration have recognised one of the people in the picture painted on that ancient wall. It is Menander the Athenian poet, author of two phrases we all know so well, one of them quoted by St Paul in his letters to the Corinthians, *Those whom the gods love die young* and *Evil communications corrupt good manners*.

Menander is shown sitting bowed over the papyrus he is reading. He wears a white robe, sandals, and a wreath of leaves in his thick hair. He looks like an outdoor man, for his face is as brown as a ploughboy's. The figure is plainly labelled with his name.

Fame After Death

Menander was one of those writers who receive statues and the highest fame after they are dead. During his life he was not so successful as another Greek poet named Philemon, and he is supposed to have asked his successful rival: "Don't you feel ashamed whenever you gain a victory over me?"

Menander was about 50 when he was drowned in 291 B.C. It was said that he had allowed himself to drown because of his failure. Afterwards men realised his genius, and he was hailed as Prince of the New Comedy.

Somehow we cannot believe Menander was embittered by Philemon's greater popularity. He had refused an invitation to the Egyptian Court from Ptolemy Soter, preferring freedom and the quiet of his own home. It was not the action of a man thirsty for applause. We like to believe that the drowning was a tragic accident.

The Fragments That Remain

There is a statue in the Vatican believed to be Menander, and now there is this portrait of him discovered in Pompeii. The world is very glad to have them; but, of course, the best portrait we have of any man of genius is to be found in his work. Only fragments of Menander's works exist now: 50 lines from this one, discovered on a papyrus in Egypt; 20 lines from another found on a different scrap in a different spot; and a hundred from a third comedy which turned up elsewhere.

In all there is a large quantity of lines, but it is all patchwork. They do not seem to us as brilliant as his reputation; but perhaps the best bits were thumbed so often that they fell to pieces long ago.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

FIND OUT AND DO IT NOW

Some Ways in Which You Can Respond to the Great Appeal

AVENUES OF SERVICE

Many young hearts beat in quick response to the appeal of the Prince of Wales to the youth of the country to be up and doing.

Many started forward, eager to give their services to their country in these depressed times, as other young men and young women did in the darker days half a generation ago.

Then they paused and questioned. What were they to do?

It is easier to give money than service. But it is not money that the country wants of its young people. It wants help of another kind.

The Thing Near at Hand

There is one way which is certainly the right one. Do the helpful thing near at hand. There are no dragons to be slain nowadays, but we can all do small kindnesses. Older people sometimes smile at the Scout's one kind deed a day, but those who take care of the little kind deeds will find that the large things take care of themselves.

When once that is recognised the opportunities for well-doing soon multiply themselves. Sometimes we think that no one, boy or girl, young man or young woman, could do better than begin at the bottom of the ladder which rests on the solid foundation of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides.

In the C.N. their names, and their work appear often. Why not join them? Why see them as they pass by and pass by oneself? Anyone who links up with them is helping the country in a thousand unknown ways.

Work of the Red Cross

So with the Boys Brigades and the Red Cross and the V.A.D.s. Everybody knows someone who is doing good work with them; but, while hundreds do, thousands do not. It is the thousands who are wanted. They will not be superfluous. The Chairman of the Red Cross Society has made that plain. Too many of us think of the Red Cross as something that goes by itself. It does not. It needs helpers.

The work the Red Cross did in the war is well known. The work it is doing today is less visible but is just as important. It cries out for expansion.

For its health and social services, for its first-aid detachments, for its blood-transfusion service, for its infant welfare centres, it wants workers. It can use them and use them to good purpose. Blood transfusion for the helpless in the hospital—who would not be proud to give his blood for such a purpose?

Yet there is one thing more to be noted. It is that the opportunity must be taken now, not set aside for another day. The Chairman of the Red Cross asks anyone who wants to help and is uncertain how to begin to write to Red Cross Headquarters at 14 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1. There is an invitation in plain terms.

A Broad and Shining Road

In Kent an opportunity just as plain is offered. The Community Council of Kent has set up an efficient county organisation to answer the questions which the appeal of the Prince evoked.

The Community Council includes over 100 organisations in the county's towns and villages. It has set up bureaux with the assistance of the mayors in the principal towns, and at Folkestone it has established a clearing-house to deal with offers of assistance and tell people what to do.

That opens a broad and shining road to those who want to help. Others must be opened, and let no one loiter on the way. Do the thing that is nearest, and do it now.

WHAT HAPPENED AT DARTMOOR

And What Should Be Done

THE TERRIBLE HOME OF TERRIBLE PEOPLE

An official report on the mutiny in Dartmoor Prison has been issued.

It is the considered judgment of Mr Herbert du Parc, whose experience as Recorder of Bristol gives it a judicial authority which most people can accept.

Two important facts stand out—that Dartmoor is an out-of-date prison and that the more humane treatment of convicts practised in recent years was not the cause of the outbreak.

The conclusions point rather to a slackening of discipline on the part of the warders.

Mr du Parc suspects that outside friends of dangerous convicts have been in touch with them with a view to helping them to escape, which alone would tend to breed unrest among prisoners.

A Very Human Document

The report as a whole is a very human document, and not a morbid narrative. It reveals great courage on the part of warders, police, and convicts too, for very few of the convicts seem to have been actuated by murderous motives, and no recourse was had to weapons that kill, the rifles being loaded with buck-shot. The hour of the mutiny must have struck terror into the bravest, for the possibilities of mad and cruel acts were only too obvious to all confined within the prison walls. Yet the officials kept their heads at the critical moment and undoubtedly prevented things from developing into a great tragedy.

Two Home Secretaries have, in recent years, declared Dartmoor to be an appalling place. It is imperative that steps should be taken to prevent the prison to which our worst criminals are sent from becoming a breeding-ground of the worst tendencies in human nature, and it is to be feared that much of what has transpired points in this direction.

JAPAN

Defying World Opinion

The fighting in the Far East has kept all who have friends there in an increasing state of anxiety, for the policy of armed force has been slow to yield to the better methods of conference.

Indeed it seems to be only too true that the military rather than the civil power holds the reins in both China and Japan.

Japan has defied world opinion in her dealings with China before, and has thus deprived herself of a sincere sympathy in this country and America.

In Manchuria, which Japan has now declared a separate problem altogether, her armies have occupied Harbin, a junction on the Trans-Siberian Railway and an important town in which Russia has large interests. Every advance in Manchuria makes more difficult the work of the League Commission which is now in the East under Lord Lytton; and however difficult a halt may be for the Japanese Army it is surely going to be Japan's best policy to put herself right with the public opinion of the world, which will eventually prevail.

A VERY QUEER CASE

Two poor people were prosecuted the other day by the L.C.C. for feeding the birds.

The magistrate dismissed the summons on the payment of two shillings costs in each case. We are glad to think that someone in court paid the costs.

Is it not almost the silliest prosecution ever brought in England? The L.C.C. said that the accused had "littered" the grass in Tabard Gardens—not with orange peel, cigarette ends, or paper, but with bread for the sparrows and pigeons.

THIS MAD WORLD

WHAT IS WRONG WITH IT

The Blessing That Was Turned Into a Curse

THE TYRANNY OF PREJUDICE AND IGNORANCE

One of our wise men, Mr J. A. Spender, has been speaking on the situation that is threatening the peace of mankind.

We gladly take these passages from his speech, in which Mr Spender lays the blame for the distresses of the world on those who inflame the people with national prejudices and those politicians who talk rubbish as if it were truth.

The spectacle the world presented at this moment was that of being strangled in knots of its own making, which it refused to untie.

All instructed economic opinion was agreed about the principal causes of the present troubles and the urgent necessity of finding remedies for them. Experts at Basle and Geneva had again and again declared that immediate action was necessary, and that the poverty and stagnation which afflicted the nations would go on increasing until it was taken.

Let Us Get Together

The Prime Minister had said "For God's sake let us get together." We were now told that getting together was impossible until elections were over in France and Germany, and would probably effect nothing serious until the new American President and Congress were installed in office, which would not be till March of next year. Meanwhile we were going to improve the time by adding a new knot to the general strangulations in the shape of the British tariff. It was impossible that the world could prosper in this way.

The Great War differed from all other wars in that through the effort required in making munitions it added immensely to the world's capacity of production. This, rightly handled, should have been a blessing to the world, and enabled it quickly to repair the losses and ravages of war. But its effect had been turned to a curse, first by the evil legacy of reparations and war debts, and next by the tariff mania resulting from the intense nationalism which set in after the war. Prosperity might have survived one of these things, but it could not survive both.

A Crying Need

The mixture of political and commercial debts, both beating against tariff walls, wrecked the mechanism of exchange and destroyed the gold basis of currency.

Nothing would help us out of this situation but the education of the public on the economic realities: education which would make it difficult for politicians to promise the impossible, to stoke up national passions when their promises failed, and to deal out destructive fallacies as if they were obvious truths.

THE BARBER REMEMBERS HIS KING

Much consternation was felt in Naples not long ago by the rumour that a bomb had been found in a mailbag addressed to King Victor Emmanuel from New York; but instead of a bomb the package contained a simple expression of an Italian barber's homage to his king.

The package was opened in Naples, and in it was found an envelope containing a fifty-cent piece and a slip of paper. On the paper was written the simple message:

The Italian barber Modestino de Rosa, living in Newark in the State of New Jersey, remembering in his exile his affection for his King, and the fact that his Majesty is a collector of coins, humbly offers this gift of a rare American coin minted 100 years ago.

THE PRISON DOWN IN THE WATERS

MORE SECURITY FOR OUR SUBMARINE MEN

A Suggestion For Increasing Their Chance of Life

THE TRAGEDY OF M2

We ought never to forget the loss off Portland of the submarine M2, which was only found after 200 wrecks had been examined by divers. It was then, of course, too late to save the crew of 56 officers and men, all in the prime of youth and strength and usefulness.

It is only one of a long series of submarine disasters which have occurred in the peace manoeuvres of all nations possessing these terrible weapons.

The use of submarines ought to be entirely abolished by civilisation, but until that abolition becomes effective it is surely the duty of the Admiralty to do its utmost to prevent the recurrence of such awful losses, condemning men to a doom which hardly bears thinking about.

For one thing, every submarine should be fitted with some valve apparatus to enable men to escape to the surface.

Apart from that elementary precaution, surely it should be possible when exercising submarines to carry out the manoeuvres in the company of fast surface vessels.

Submarines and Destroyers

According to the official statement, when the M2 made her fatal dive she wirelessed to the submarine depot ship at Portland. Clearly she was alone. If a destroyer had been with her the destroyer would have known exactly when the M2 dived and what her commander intended to do. Thus the fatal accident would have been known immediately to a responsible officer, and measures could have been taken.

Another practical point is that to exercise submarines in company with fast destroyers would serve a double purpose. A submarine is constructed to attack surface vessels; destroyers number among their duties the destruction of submarines. Therefore the joint exercise of these vessels would be to the advantage of both, as well as being a safeguard for the poor men who go down into the sea in these dread prisons of the waters.

WINDOWS UNDER THE SEA

A mushroom-shaped observation chamber of steel and glass, weighing about a ton, was used all through the sad search for the lost M2. It is a scientific triumph, equipped with strong beam lights, from 3000 to 10,000 candle-power, so that the diver inside can see the tiniest detail for a range of 20 yards.

THINGS SAID

I feel rather stiff this morning, as if I were growing old. Miss Bruce, aged 100.

The danger is not democracy, but demagoguery. Mr J. A. Spender

With a Bible and Shakespeare one could not be lonely. Miss Lilian Baylis

If we can only live by capturing markets our culture is doomed. Father Bede Jarrett

In most of his work a kind of East wind is blowing.

John Masefield on the poet Crabbe

Our great country is Christian at heart, but is cursed by two great diseases, selfishness and fear. Rev Leslie Weatherhead

Is there any wise man in the world who is laughing today?

From a C.N. letter

The messenger boy is as important in his sphere as I in mine. The minute a man slacks a bolt begins to rattle.

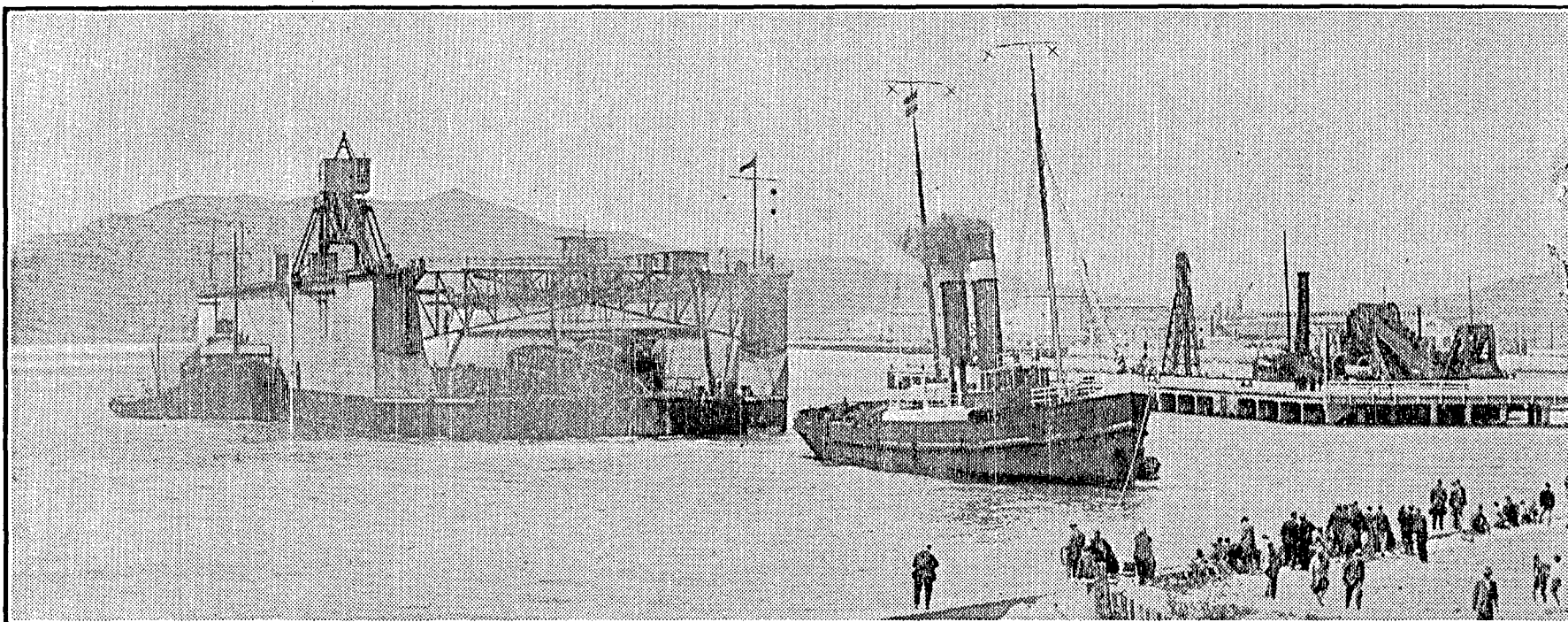
President of Canadian National Railways

February 20, 1932

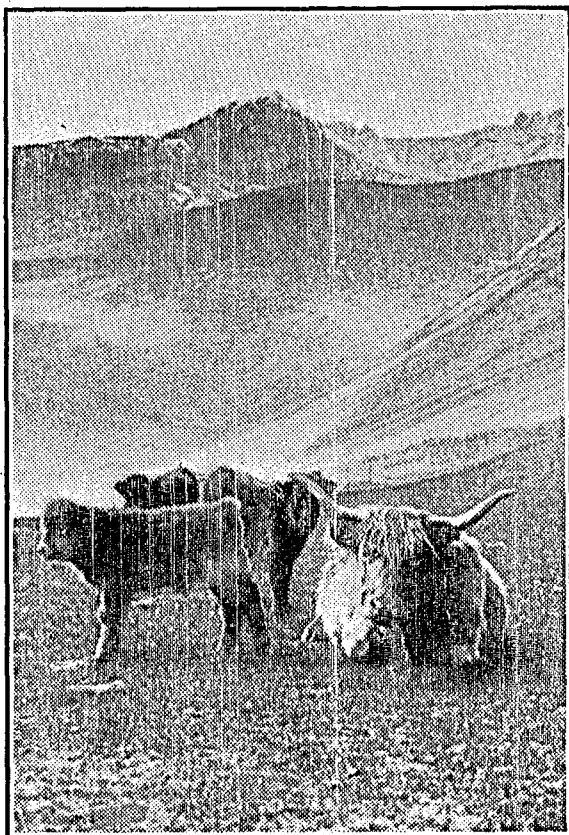
The Children's Newspaper

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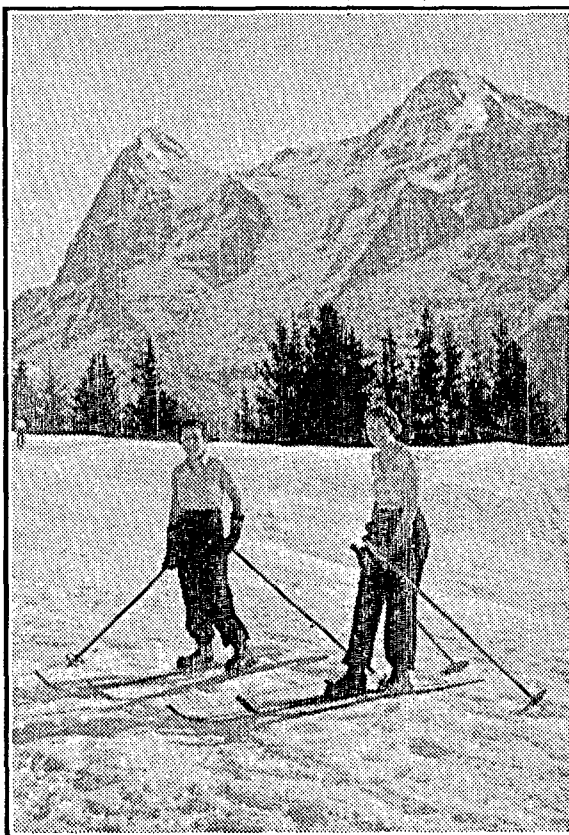
HIGHLAND CATTLE : A LONG VOYAGE ENDS · MOVING A TREE



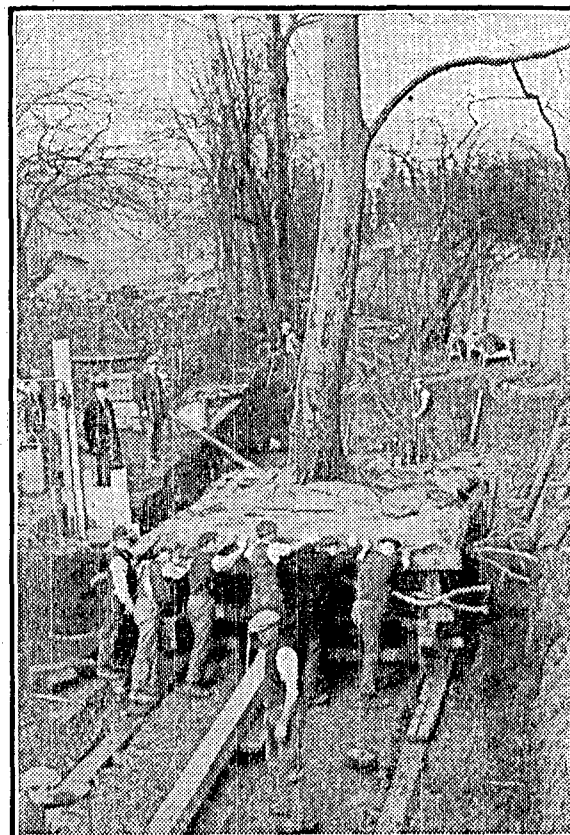
Dock's Long Voyage—The big floating dock which was built in England and towed to New Zealand is here seen arriving in Wellington Harbour after its voyage half-way round the world.



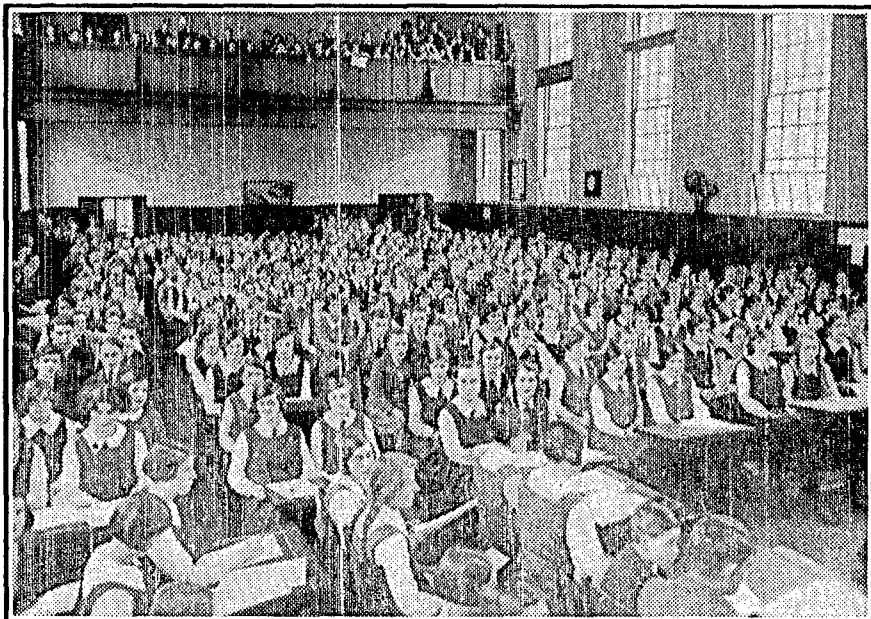
In the Scottish Wilds—Three Highland calves and their mother are here seen to advantage in their beautiful surroundings in Glen Rosa, Isle of Arran.



Sunshine and Snow—These girls at Murren found the Sun quite warm for their ski-ing expedition. The Swiss resorts have suffered greatly from the absence of British visitors.



Moving a Tree—Some large trees in a Kensington garden have been moved, as already mentioned in the C.N. Here one of them is seen on the way to its new position.



Another Disarmament Conference—This picture shows a remarkable gathering at Wolverhampton of secondary school boys and girls, who conducted a disarmament conference of their own. They received a message from Mr Henderson at Geneva.



Cross-Country Runners—These girl members of the London Polytechnic made a striking picture as they negotiated a wire fence in the neighbourhood of Edgware during their three-mile cross-country championship the other day.

61 NATIONS COME TOGETHER TO TALK PEACE

The clouds were gathering round the Rising Sun of Peace when the Disarmament Conference opened at last; it started on its work, after years of preparation, while shells were falling round about Shanghai in the war made on China by Japan. The League postponed the opening of the

Conference for one hour while it sent a strong note to the Far East calling on both sides to refrain from acts of war; then began the great meeting of the representatives of 61 nations from which it is hoped the future will date the dawn of the movement for the disarming of the nations.

THE SERMON PRAYER FOR PEACE IN THE CATHEDRAL

Archbishop of York on the
Things We Should Do

THE LEAGUE'S PLEDGE

Eternal God, Father of All Souls, grant unto us such clear vision of the sin of war that we may earnestly seek that cooperation between nations which alone can make war impossible.

As man by his inventions has made the whole world into one neighbourhood, grant that he may by his cooperation make the whole world into one brotherhood.

Help us to break down all race prejudice.

Stay the greed of those who profit by war, and the ambitions of those who seek a conquest drenched in blood.

Arouse in the whole body of people an adventurous willingness, as they sacrificed greatly for war, so also for international goodwill to dare bravely, think wisely, decide resolutely, and to achieve triumphantly.

This was the beautiful prayer in the cathedral of Geneva on the Sunday before the opening of the Conference.

The Archbishop of York, who went to Geneva for this service for English-speaking people, took as his text the words, "We are members one of another."

International Loyalty

This, he said, is the basic principle on which we must think, act, and live today. We have learned to be loyal to our nation as individuals; now we have to learn the loyalty nations must have as parts of the whole, members one of another. Because this is a new road we must tread, it is bound to be difficult, and men of little minds fear failure. But we must learn this larger loyalty, however hard it is.

Men have built up armaments not as partners, but as rivals. To us is given the supreme opportunity to pass from competition to cooperation, and therefore by far the most important aim of the Disarmament Conference is, not that nations shall disarm, but that they shall give up the use of arms as a means of forcing decisions and shall replace them by agreements. When this principle is accepted and acted upon the major aim of the Conference will have been achieved. As members one of another we shall seek to save life, not to kill; to build up, not to destroy.

The sermon made a great impression. Dr Temple is on the youthful side of middle age. The expression of his strong face is cheerful and with assured repose, all in keeping with the fearless, straightforward, and original sentiments expressed from Calvin's pulpit.

We Are All Guilty

He did not mince matters over Germany's guilt; "the match was certainly dropped by her (he said), but who spread the gunpowder? We are all guilty." Dr Temple insisted that we shall never get straight until we eliminate the War Guilt Clause, by common consent, from the Peace Treaty.

It was no small thing, also, that the Primate of the See of York should read from the pulpit Article 8 of the Covenant of the League which says:

We are imposing this disarmament upon Germany as a first step toward the reduction and limitation of armaments which we seek to bring about, as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it will be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote.

WHATEVER may come out of this Conference, its opening was a historic event. From the days of bows and arrows and clubbed sticks men have arrived at the Twentieth Century with every hideous device for killing and destroying.

The Great War, in which scientific inventions led to destruction staggering imagination, made men realise to what a point armaments have led us. Also the war had been fought to end war, and millions of men have died in the faith of that promise.

But, alas! what happens so often to many good resolutions happened to these. When the first fervour was over and Governments began to realise what they had promised, their enthusiasm cooled down and they made little or no attempt to carry out the obligations

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH PROPOSALS

THE first great impression made at the Conference was the result of startling suggestions by France. On behalf of his Government M Tardieu proposed that, instead of disarming themselves, the nations should agree to hand over their arms to the League whenever the League wanted them, so that the League would become in fact, not a group of existing nations working together, but an armed State above them all. It was felt everywhere that, though the plan is dramatic and interesting, it is entirely impossible.

Far more acceptable are the British proposals, as outlined by Sir John Simon, for the abolition of submarines, the abolition of gas and chemical warfare, the reduction of the size of warships, the reduction of gun calibre, and the limitation of conscription by agreement.

A great World State above all other States may come some day, but at present it lies far off in the dreams of Mr H. G. Wells. In the present state

into which they had solemnly entered when they signed the Covenant.

The years since then have been full of difficulties, full of effort first in one direction then in the next, with obstacles at every turn; but out of all the effort on the part of those who would not let the idea die has come the outline of an international treaty for reducing arms in every land. It is this outline that the Conference is now studying.

The struggle will not be over in a few weeks, or even in a few months, for recent events have shown very clearly that the old idea of imposing a nation's will by military force still prevails. Nations still look upon each other as rivals instead of as partners in a world community, and to bring this great change into realisation is the fundamental work of the Conference.

of the world it is not safe to allow the piling-up of immense quantities of arms.

If these things are piled up in the world, waiting to go off, they will go off, whoever has them; and once they go off no nation can keep out of the war that will follow.

There is much to be said for the idea of the League of Nations as a Police Force controlling the world; and one of our famous friends of Peace, Mr David Davies, has written a great book on the idea, which he calls the Problem of the Twentieth Century. Almost on the day the French proposals were made there appeared another book on the subject, a book of Letters to John Bull and Others, by Robert the Peeler (published by Williams and Norgate at 2s 6d and 3s 6d). In this racy and original little volume the same idea is discussed in a series of letters to each of the great nations; and those who would like to follow the idea should read either Mr David Davies or Robert the Peeler.

THE FIRST DAY AT GENEVA

A HAMMER in ivory and gold for the President, commemoration medals for the delegates, and a new issue of postage stamps for the use of everybody—these were some of the smaller ways in which the opening of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva was celebrated.

It is as a conference of Peace that it is now regarded; Peace is the great objective, and to lay down arms is only one of the roads to it.

The first meeting included a fine gesture toward Switzerland, the country on whose soil the delegates found themselves. This took the form of inviting M Motta, Head of the Swiss Republic,

and a great favourite with every League Assembly, to be honorary president of the Conference. For the first time in the assembly of nations the United States of America and

Russia took their proper places, as well as Turkey, Egypt, and others. Brazil, too, was once again among them, making in all 61 nations.

The first day, so momentous in history, closed in a beautiful way with the singing of The Beatitudes of César Franck in the cathedral, all the members of the Conference being invited. "Blessed are the Peacemakers" must have echoed in many hearts and minds that night.



Two of the postage stamps issued by Switzerland to commemorate the Disarmament Conference

THE GREAT PEACE BOXES

EIGHT large cases containing your signature and your neighbour's, with more than two million others, received a great welcome when they reached Geneva just four days after they left London.

News of their arrival came in the morning, and telephone bells were set ringing in all directions to invite members of the women's organisations to greet them at the station. The British Consul also thought it a sufficiently important event to be present. There, on a cart in the station yard, the cases were piled, labelled clearly:

Women's Disarmament Declaration.
Over 2,000,000 Signatures from Great Britain conveyed by Continental Express.

Then speeches of welcome were made, for all the world as if some famous person had arrived. Indeed, our hope is that these boxes and their contents may play a far more important part in world history than any one person could do. As the Consul said, they were a proof that British wives and mothers had decided that the word War should be expunged from the dictionary.

A message had come with the boxes that had there been three more months the signatures would have been doubled, because people were just waking up to the importance of it. The total number from all countries on the day the cases arrived was over five millions.

IS THE WORLD READY FOR PEACE? ONLY WAY FOR MANKIND

Mr Henderson's Speech at the
Opening of the Conference

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

Mr Henderson, in his long speech at the opening of the Conference, reviewed the steps toward peace and disarmament that have been taken in the last ten years. The great hall was packed with delegates and listeners, including 500 journalists from all over the world.

These are the closing words of Mr Henderson's opening speech.

I would venture to quote to you a figure representing an average of the military expenditure of 61 countries during the last four or five years. That total figure reaches £800,000,000 a year.

The Parliaments and taxpayers of the various countries will not need to be reminded of the sum they are severally called upon to expend on armaments, and of the part of the national income which is allotted to pay for past wars or for the preparation of future wars. Can we doubt that popular welcome that would await definite progress in the direction of general disarmament which would at once lighten the onerous financial burden and bring a much-needed measure of relief to the world beset by grave difficulties?

Future of Civilisation

The world wants disarmament. The world needs disarmament. We have it in our power to help fashion the pattern of future history. Behind all the technical complexities regarding man-power, gun-power, tonnage, categories, and the like, is the well-being of mankind, the future of our developing civilisation.

Mankind is looking to this Conference, with its unrivalled experience and knowledge, its unchallengeable representative authority and power, its massed wisdom and capacity, to bestow the gift of freedom from the menace to peace and security that the maintenance of huge national armaments must ever be.

I refuse to contemplate even the possibility of failure. For if we fail no one can foretell the evil consequences that might ensue. The world would again be in danger of falling back into the vain and perilous competition of rapidly-expanding armaments.

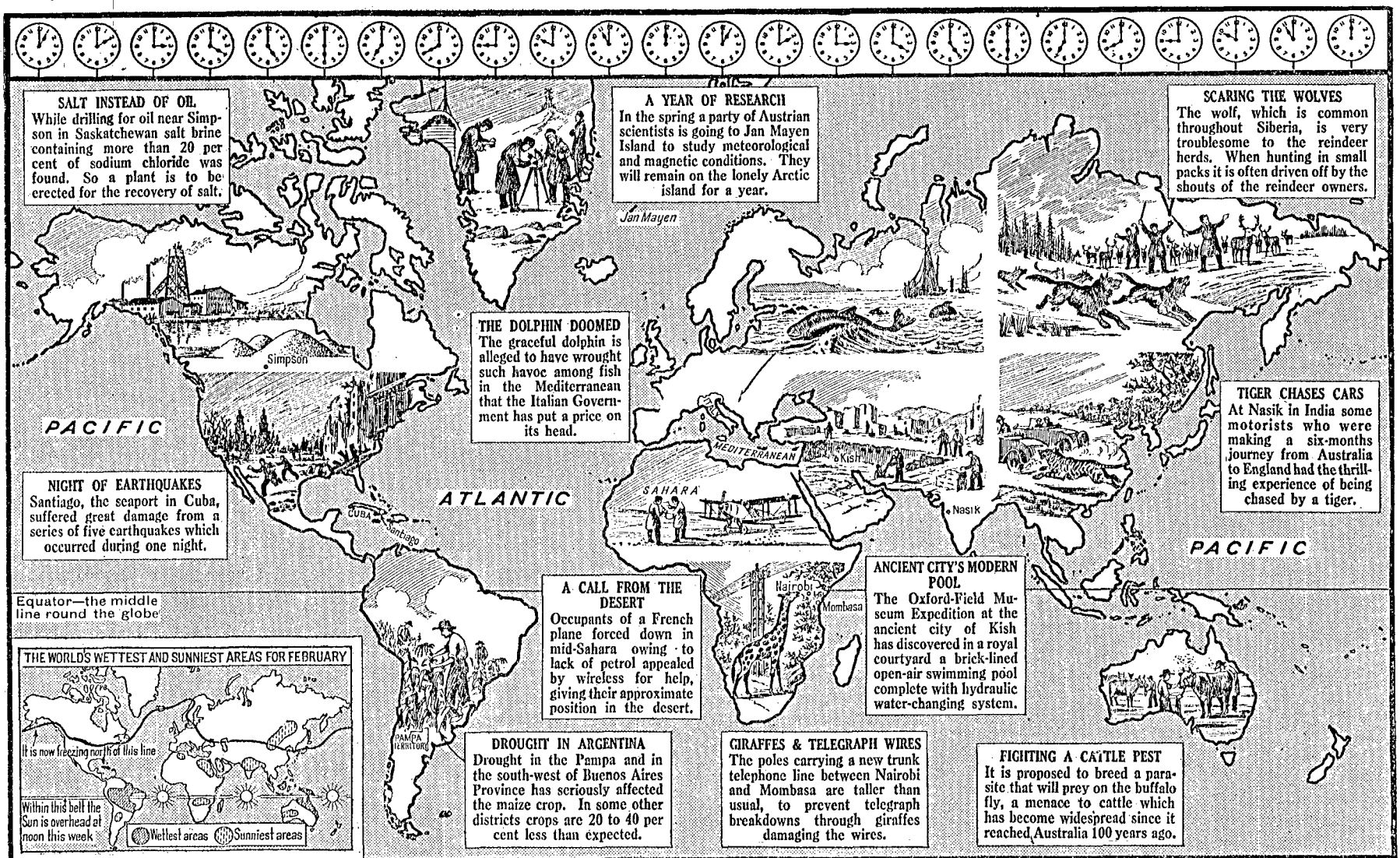
Are we ready to face our task? Are we ready, each nation among us, to shape our policy with a faith that war is done with, that we have genuinely renounced war as an instrument of national policy? Are we ready to join together to seize the opportunity, while it is yet ours, to lead the peoples another stage toward the high tableland of peace and cooperation?

The Promised Heights

There only can there be liberty for every people to live its life without fear of injustice, of aggression, of oppression, or of war. There only can there be equality of rights for every people in the free society which we have begun to build. There only can there be that fraternity of peoples who henceforward shall no longer be potential foes but faithful friends.

Your presence here is your answer. Your presence is the promise that we shall attain our end. Let us take up our task in the sure knowledge that it is in our power by the work we do here, the decisions we make, the measure of agreement at which we arrive, to lift the nations to these promised heights.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ECONOMY AT WORK £750,000 a Week Saved PUTTING THE UNEMPLOYED FUND ON A SOUND BASIS

The Government has announced that enormous savings have been made in the payment of unemployment benefit.

Under the Economy Act unemployed persons, before receiving "transitional benefit" on the expiry of their normal benefit, have to pass a means test made by the Public Assistance Authority. Under this means test the circumstances of the unemployed are inquired into to ascertain the degree of their need, and accordingly it is determined whether the transitional benefit is to remain the full rate or to be reduced or to be disallowed altogether. The Public Assistance Authorities have made 1,629,009 decisions affecting a million people.

In 255,949 cases benefit was stopped altogether. In 570,721 cases the benefit was cut. In 802,339 cases full benefit was paid.

As a result of these tests and also of the fall in actual unemployment there has been a great improvement in the condition of the Unemployment Fund.

In September the income of the fund was about £1,000,000 a week less than the expenditure, so that the nation was borrowing to meet the difference. In the last two months the gap between income and expenditure has been reduced to about £250,000 a week. This is due to four causes: the application of the means test as described above; reduced rates of benefit; increase in contributions by employers and employed; and the reduction in the amount of unemployment.

Some of the cases discovered were monstrous in their wicked wastefulness of public money; and the question is: What is being said to those Committees which for years past have been giving away public money to people who were on no moral ground entitled to it?

MUST THE ANIMALS GO? Another C.N. Picture Supplement Next Week

The fate of the world's animals is in Man's hands.

As civilisation spreads across the face of the Earth the domain of Nature's wild children grows less. Also, to the shame of Man, he has in the past ruthlessly slain creatures of many kinds for his own profit.

It is possible that many animals familiar to us today may be known to future generations only from pictures.

Next week's C.N. will contain a beautiful photograph supplement with pictures of many animals that seem to be doomed. Further supplements on other subjects will appear in the C.N. week by week. Please give your newsagent an order to deliver the C.N. regularly.

I SEE ALL From the Train

Another step forward has been taken by Mr Baird's television in helping us to see all at all times.

A television has been fitted to a moving train by the L.N.E. Railway during the journey between Sandy and Huntingdon, and while the train sped up to 70 miles an hour the apparatus faithfully reproduced the steps of a dancer in the transmitting studio at Long Acre.

On any train the passenger can now take a portable and listen to the B.B.C. One of the L.N.E.R. expresses is equipped with a receiving set and headphones which can be hired.

Soon we shall be able not only to see the landscape passing by, but the towns that we have left behind.

BREATHE BRITISH

"I am here buying British air. It is the first time for forty years I have bought it. I like it."

Thus wrote a holiday-maker from a British coast town the other day.

NOTTINGHAM'S POOR CAT Two Centuries a Prisoner

In High Pavement, Nottingham, an old Georgian house has long been pointed out as the one where Henry Kirke White lived and wrote his poems during his brief life.

While it was being demolished lately, some of the workmen came on a pathetic relic among the rafters of the garret where young Kirke White slept and wrote. It was a mummied cat.

From the position in which it was found among the plaster, and thus preserved, it is clear that the cat must have been there since the house was built. That was in 1731, when it was constructed for Mr Samuel Fellows, Alderman and Mayor of Nottingham.

Two centuries ago a cat's life was of small account, but we shrink from the explanation that the poor thing was deliberately imprisoned there, an act of senseless cruelty. Nobody could be so base.

In another town of England, Marlborough, along the coping of a church runs the stone image of a cat, which is thus commemorated because when the church was burning it was seen to go back along the flaming roof to fetch its kittens.

There must be some other explanation of the Nottingham mystery, but, whatever it may be, it is strange to think of poor puss imprisoned there since George the Second was king, during the years of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the French Revolution, and Waterloo, and, in short, during the reign of no fewer than seven British sovereigns.

THE AUNT SALLY COUNTY

Surrey is rapidly becoming the Aunt Sally County. It has already more than 800 petrol stations, and the number of pumps is two for each square mile.

The London County Council is at last claiming control of the erection of petrol stations in its area.

THE STONE THAT MEANT DEATH Why It Was Used as a Doorstep

A TALE FROM PAPUA

One of the missionaries who helped to bring civilisation to Papua died not long ago at Bournemouth, having spent 40 of his 69 years there.

Besides his missionary work he was a member of the Legislative Council and the natives of Delena, who called him Donisi, grew to love and respect him.

One of these Delena natives was Miria the Sorcerer. Miria was accused of killing people by sorcery. He came to Donisi to ask him to hide the proof of his guilt, a stone, carefully wrapped up, which he claimed would kill all who looked on it. It had been given to him by a mountain man and he did not want the police to find it.

"Do you really believe that stone has the power you claim for it?" the missionary asked the sorcerer. "Should I die if I looked at it?"

Miria replied that he would.

"Well," said Mr Dauncey, "we will unwrap it and see."

But the terrified sorcerer fled, leaving his magic stone to do its worst to the missionary, who unwrapped it—and did not die.

There was no doubt, however, that natives had died because of such charms; the sorcerer said they would die, and that was enough. They believed him, and die they did—frightened to death!

The magic stone was used by the missionary as a doorstep until the native boys and girls, who had looked at it for months without coming to harm, found out what it was and refused to come near till it was hidden away.

But that was a long time ago. When Donisi retired and left Papua the native boys and girls had become wiser and were eager for education. Their parents were even asking the Government to tax them to provide the cost.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 20 1932

The Fleet Street Madmen

INCREDIBLE though it seems in grave times like these there has been hatched of late in Fleet Street a conspiracy of reckless and irresponsible newspapers to bid us dissolve the League of Nations, to cast aside all the patient work for peace and understanding that it has done, and to throw into the heap of broken promises all the pacts and treaties we have signed.

The great citadels of English journalism, like The Times and The Daily Telegraph, stand nobly for the new spirit in the world which called the League of Nations into being and has upheld it as the bulwark of civilisation against a return to the days of every nation for itself. It is true that the irresponsible papers, for ever railing against something good to call attention to themselves, do not greatly count, but the public should not be blind to the mischief. Any pernicious nonsense, if repeated often enough and loudly enough, makes an impression on many ears, and there are other nations listening besides our own.

What do they make of this advice so crazily and brazenly shouted by these so-called organs of popular opinion? Do they put it down to the hypocrisy of England which pretended to go to war for a scrap of paper and yet is now ready to tear up her own treaties?

We can give one simple reason why the thing cannot be done. It is that the British people will not have it done. Deep down in them is the consciousness, born long ago, that the proudest tribute they ever won from the world was the saying that an Englishman's word is his bond.

We did not lightly enter into the League of Nations. It was as much against our traditional policy as any of those foreign entanglements of which America is so timid. But, being in it, we shall remain in it, resolute to save the world from the horror of war by the force of our example.

No easy path lies before the League. It is a body against which the hand of every reactionary and every self-seeker is raised, and against which the tongue of every ignorant sceptic is turned. It has to battle against prejudice, misrepresentation, and greed. It has the gigantic task of persuading nations to forgo their own immediate interests for the sake of the whole world.

The old diplomacy was busy with projects of each nation for itself. The League has to alter all that, and in so doing to alter the world. It will not fail. It cannot fail, for the world is behind it, conscious that if the League failed the wars that would submerge both hemispheres would leave no nations to form another.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Dream of the Primrose

WE fell asleep one afternoon when early spring was in the air, and we dreamed that a glorious lady came riding down our lane with a car full of primrose-roots.

"I'm going to plant hundreds of them in rifled woods," she said, "where people have stolen them in the past. I'm going to re-primrose the woods of England."

"What better thing could be done!" we cried, and woke.

What We Want

WITH the Disarmament Conference actually sitting we do not hesitate to say that there are few among us who would not support our National Government if it proposed the following programme:

The total abolition of submarines.

The total abolition of air warfare.

The further reduction of naval and military expenditure by half.

Presenting such a programme as this we should be in a strong position to put forward reasonable argument, because we have already done more than any other nation to reduce our standard of armaments.

We do not know what is in the Government's mind; we wish we did. It is a strange thing about democratic government, that the people at any given time know no more of what is in the mind of their rulers than if they were living under a Dictatorship.

An Apology to Scotland

WE were apologising the other day to Newcastle. Now we must apologise to Scotland.

It seems that we claimed for Mr John Baird of television fame the honour of being an Englishman when he was born in Scotland, and that we stated that an American contract for periscopes was given to an English firm when the firm should have been Barr and Stroud of Glasgow. We have even called Mr Ramsay MacDonald the Prime Minister of England.

We bow our head in shame as we read a Glasgow protest which says: "You have caused the growth of Scottish Nationalism, and if ever there is civil war between Scotland and England it will be due to Arthur Mee and men like him."

It seems terrible; but perhaps this apology will be just in time.

Baby Sister

SWISS people have a happy way of giving the news of a baby's birth.

Instead of the cut-and-dried announcement in the newspaper to which we are accustomed in England they put it like this:

Yvonne, Baptiste, Leon, Charles, and Therese X are glad to announce the birth of their baby sister Marie Louise.

Lids and Togs

WE were speaking here a week or two ago of the murder of English by a broadcaster in New York.

A traveller just home from America took down a few notes of the slang which here and there the people put up and put up with in shops.

It is only fair to say that this is not general, but in one clothes shop was the notice *Desirable Togs* and in a hat shop *Lids for Kids*.

How puzzling it must be for a Frenchman, should he study English in London, to go to America and find, after learning that children wear hats, that kids wear lids instead!

The Thaw

The Sun came out and said to the Snow, "Now I am back I'm afraid you must go." The Snow always hated these sudden good-byes and burst into tears. (She so easily cries.)

Tip-Cat

CHILDREN do nothing but go to parties nowadays, complains a grown-up. Except come home again.

GOOD English follows clear thinking, we are told. Better if it kept pace with it.

BROAD shoes will not be worn this year, says a trade journal. Except by people with broad feet.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If an artist
draws his own
conclusions

A CORRESPONDENT says she likes deep reading. She should get down to it.

CHILDREN should have a good wash before going to bed, declares

a writer. But they shrink from it.

A LADY objects to living in the country because it is damp. Some find it dry.

SCIENTISTS everywhere are talking of atoms and electrons and protons. Just small talk.

LADY SNOWDEN thinks everybody should learn to sing. Then nobody need listen.

MANY people lose their tempers when shopping. Think they are taken in and are put out.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

NEARLY £450,000 was collected last Poppy Day in the British Isles.

OVER 1000 schoolchildren are to make a cruise to Gibraltar next month in the liner Doric.

JUST AN IDEA

Your best possession is what you give away.

Beauty Among the Chickens

By Our Country Girl

WOULD you mind, said the artist shyly, "if I came nearer to look at your old house? It is so beautiful!" She was standing behind a hedge on tiptoe.

The lady in the pretty overall at once left off cleaning a chicken-house and said: "Come in and see the chapel. That is the gem of the place."

"But you are busy!"

"Never mind," said the lady of the house. "People are always coming to see the old place, and I feel I ought to share it with them. Why should I be the only one to enjoy it?"

So they went in to the mellow old house in the orchard, and the artist learned that in the Middle Ages this had once been a small monastery, a cell of a big monastery, and that after the Reformation it had become a farmhouse. Her hostess, who was once an illustrator of books, had taken up chicken-farming and had come to live there.

The monk's chapel was certainly the prettiest part of the old buildings. Here centuries ago men had given their best work to build a worthy house of prayer, and their work had lasted well.

"A lot was covered up," the lady said; "I am uncovering it bit by bit. Last year I spent £5 on setting that lovely window free. I can't afford to do more than a little every year."

"Why don't you charge a fee for showing people the chapel?" asked the artist. "I am sure they would gladly pay 6d or 1s."

But the lady shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't do that," she said. "I don't feel it would be right to make money out of the monk's church."

Is she not the worthiest person to live in that lovely old house?

C.N. Philosophies

Faith

IT is the most precious of human assets, for it always works. It is the realising of a vision, the substance of every endeavour. Nobody ever reached a goal without faith.

It is the power of seeing with the mind what the eye cannot see. It is through faith that explorers venture in quest of new lands. It was through faith that men learned to fly. It is faith that carries the inventor on in the realm of hidden things. It is faith that brings into being the power of creation in the musician, the poet, and the painter.

Faith is the evidence of things not seen. It is an alliance with the invisible. It is the substance of things hoped for. It is the belief that all things are possible. If we have light and are faithful to the light, it will grow brighter and brighter.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

Jesus

BACK TO THE TARIFF WALL

MOMENTOUS STEP BY THE GOVERNMENT

A Return To the Policy Abandoned 100 Years Ago WHAT THE CHANGE MEANS

The National Government, against the opinion of a minority of its members, is making a remarkable change in the economic practice of our country.

It has decided that our future prosperity depends on resuming once again (with certain modifications) the trading methods of 100 years ago. We are to cease to be a Free Trade country and definitely become a Protectionist country, as most other countries are.

It was our adverse trade balance last year which caused our politicians to take the view of one wing of the Conservative Party that free imports are the root cause of the trouble and that they must be restricted.

A Bad Year

It is important that we should clearly understand why the National Government is restricting imports.

Everybody knows that last year was one of very bad trade and falling profits. So bad it was that our exports of British goods fell in quantity (*which is the true test*) by a fourth.

Yet, while our exports thus fell heavily, the quantity of our imports actually *rose* compared with 1930.

So, even while our export trade was in sore trouble, we were becoming more dependent on imports.

This serious condition means that we must either increase our exports or decrease our imports. The troubled state of the world makes it difficult to increase exports; therefore it becomes necessary to increase home production. This is the Government's reason for what it is doing.

Import Duties

Already Free Trade had been amended in the war by the McKenna Luxury Duties on motor-cars, watches, and so on; and after the war Mr Lloyd George's Government introduced the "safeguarding duties" applied to certain articles. Then came Mr Churchill's Silk Duty; then the National Government enacted certain Abnormal Import Duties. All these things made a big breach in the Free Trade tradition. Now we are to levy an all-round duty of ten per cent of the import value on all foreign imports. Imports from the Empire are to come in free until the Ottawa Conference, *although the Empire does not admit home goods free.*

The ten per cent duty is to apply to food, materials, and manufactured articles with a few exceptions.

Power to Bargain

Mr Chamberlain's measure also provides for an additional duty up to 100 per cent, which the Board of Trade is to have power to levy on goods from countries discriminating against British exports to them.

This is part of a policy of reciprocity, the aim being to *promote as much free trade as possible* for British exports by using the new British duties for negotiation. Countries which treat British exports well will receive similar treatment from us, and thus it is hoped to help British export trade. It is hoped, of course, that the Dominions will agree to free trade with the Motherland at the Ottawa Conference.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer explains that the new tariff has two immediate objects. These are:

1. *To raise additional revenue.* Undoubtedly the new duties will yield revenue, but how much it is difficult to say. Imperial products are exempt, there is a free list, and we have to reckon with the effect of the duty in diminishing imports. *How can imports*

ESPERANTO MARCHING ON

ESPERANTO is marching through the world, and more and more men and women are joining the ranks of this movement, which breaks down barriers and builds up friendships between nations.

The new Spanish Government recognised its power for good when it granted about £2000 toward founding eight Chairs of Esperanto in the Universities of Spain. The Greek Minister for Education is also keen to encourage the spread of Esperanto, while the Paris Chamber of Commerce has been authorised to take whatever steps are possible to increase its use. In England a Lectureship of Esperanto has been founded at Liverpool University.

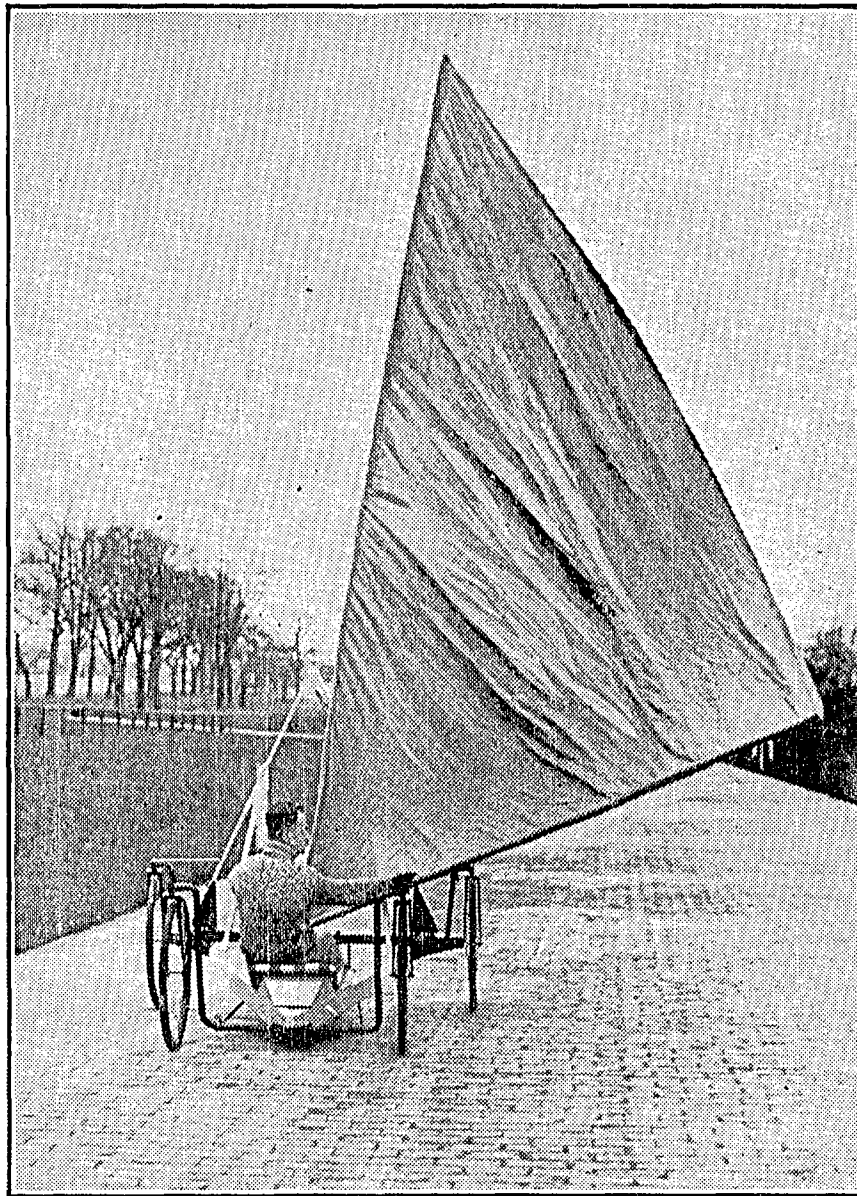
In the meantime Cannes is writing its traffic notices in Esperanto as well as in French; at The Hague Esperanto appears on the telephone instructions;

foreign wireless stations are broadcasting Esperanto lessons and talks; and it will be remembered that our own B.B.C. added a greeting in Esperanto to its last New Year Wishes.

We have received many letters on the subject. One reader in Bristol had Christmas letters from a group of friends including a German clerk, a Russian priest, a Latvian poet, a teacher in Massachusetts, and a German lady living at Brussels who is married to an Indian—a truly international family. All these letters were in Esperanto.

We like also the account another reader sends us of his father, who at the age of 87 passed the London Chamber of Commerce examination in Esperanto, and at 93 is still attending a night school to make sure that his new language does not get rusty.

YACHTING WITHOUT WATER



The idea of sailing on land is not new, but this little machine, weighing only 70 pounds with the sail, is probably the fastest of its kind, having reached a speed of more than 60 miles an hour. It was built by a Berlin engineer.

Continued from the previous column

increase revenue if they do not arrive? It is claimed, however, that a revenue of at least 30 to 40 million pounds should accrue.

2. *The second purpose is to diminish the adverse balance of trade.* In 1931 our total exports failed to pay for our imports by over £100,000,000. Everybody agrees that this cannot go on. But in so far as imports are reduced, of course, revenue is lost; so that it is not easy to say how both these purposes are to be achieved.

Incidentally the Chancellor hopes for many other advantages, in addition to the setting-up of foreign factories here. It is argued that the taxation of foreign products will stimulate British production. It is intended to stimulate Imperial production and to secure new

advantages in Imperial markets. This depends on the readiness of the Dominions to respond by opening their doors to our trade.

The Government hopes the new taxes will not have a great effect on prices to the consumer, but it is impossible for prices not to be affected. *The cost of living must rise.* This side of the question is of great importance, and though a Tariff Board is to do everything it can to safeguard the consumer it remains to be seen what will happen.

According to the mandate of the nation at the General Election the whole of this matter is necessarily experimental.

If the plan should fail it will be within the power of the Government to revert to our old conditions—which some members of the Cabinet itself strongly believe to be best for us all.

A HARD TIME IDEA THE NEW SALON IN PARIS Pictures For Grocer, Baker, and Candlestick-Maker

EXCHANGE ALL ROUND

From a Paris Correspondent

A new salon opened in Paris is a promising development of these hard times. In front of it is the notice Salon of Exchange, and under that we read:

Traders and manufacturers, come and exchange your goods for works of art.

What can be happening inside? Have we come upon a market-place, a fair, or an auction sale? Nothing of the kind. The whole place, as we enter, is most dignified and inviting.

The idea behind it came to the mind of a painter, Henry Ramey. He realised that many people, thinking themselves too poor to buy pictures, might care to get pictures in exchange for their own produce. Ramey submitted the idea to fellow-artists, who worked it out with him, and soon a hundred of them were ready to put the plan into shape, and a most successful plan it has turned out.

What the Salon Looks Like

The Salon of Exchange looks like any other exhibition of art, with its pictures, statues, marble groups, and so on; the only new feature about it is the system of exchange. When a visitor has found something he likes, instead of giving money he may offer something else for it. What will he exchange? Anything that is possible, often the most unexpected, if the painter agrees: pots of jam, smoked hams, wood, soap, shoes.

"Shall I open a credit account for you?" proposes a grocer.

"I could let you have a dining or drawing-room suite for that landscape, if you like," says a furniture dealer.

A coal merchant introduces himself. He is an amateur in art, but he is prepared to deliver a certain amount of coal to have his portrait painted. Another is a gardener, a famous grower of strawberry seedlings; he has no pictures in his home, and he is sure that artists caring for gardens will be interested in an exchange of some kind. A hotel manager buys from six different painters £160 worth of pictures, to be paid for in board and lodging.

Excitement Among the Artists

The professional classes also seize the opportunity. A lawyer is ready to offer his advice to anyone who will decorate his new flat. A professor offers singing lessons; another will teach the artist to play the piano. A dentist will see to the artist's teeth.

The same excitement prevails among the artists themselves. "Let us decide on a bathroom," whispers one to his wife.

"Shall we accept a fortnight on the Riviera?" considers another couple.

A young painter desires nothing more than books. How fine to come upon a publisher who gladly offers them in exchange for the pictures he loves!

Five days after the opening of the Salon of Exchange over a hundred pictures had been sold and nearly all the artists had received offers of some kind.

Let us thank Ramey and his friends. Their experiment has proved two facts: that many simple folk are interested in art and that the brotherhood of artists is a strong link in the longed-for brotherhood of the world.

A SURPRISING FACT ABOUT TRADE

The League of Nations has published a review of world trade in 1930 which shows that the *quantity* of world trade was in that year still one-fifth greater than in the year before the war broke out, a very surprising thing.

We had a larger share of world trade in 1930 than any other country, but this was on account of increased imports, our exports continuing to fall.

TWO HUNDRED LINDEN TREES IN A ROW

How They Moved An Avenue at Versailles A MIGHTY COMPANY

We were describing the other day the removal of some great trees in London. Here is an account of a greater removal still. It took place at Versailles.

A mighty company of magnificent old trees at Versailles, their harmony destroyed by age and decay, have been replaced by two hundred young lindens without the loss of a single tree and at a cost of only 270,000 francs.

About half a mile long, the avenue of these trees formed a noble drive up to the palace, but as the years passed wind and natural decay took their toll.

Triumph of Landscape Gardening

In 1925 Mr J. D. Rockefeller, Junior, gave thirty million francs for a general restoration of Versailles and its grounds, to which the French Government added another twenty million. One of the last of the works to be completed with this money was the restoration of the famous avenue, and it has turned out one of the most successful achievements in the history of landscape gardening.

The trees which had seen the fall of the Grand Monarch and the rise of the Revolution were all cut down and their very roots torn from the ground, which was worked over and fertilised. Then, in the autumn of 1929, the foresters of Versailles set out to search the surrounding Government woods for two hundred lindens nearly alike in form, height, and age.

Just before winter great trenches were dug round each selected tree to as great a depth as possible, so that only the tips of the roots had to be cut.

In the Warm Spring Days

The trees were left thus until just before the warm spring days started the flow of the sap. They were then hauled out of the earth with block and tackle, and each one placed in an enormous tub. This was fixed in a special framework to guard against injury, and drawn by cart to the avenue, where the tree was replanted.

So well was the work carried out that in the spring of 1930 all the two hundred linden trees were in leaf. The summer of 1931 saw them strong and growing, and they form today a new avenue, not yet as lofty and wide-spreading in leaf and branch, but already impressive by its perfect harmony.

The mighty trees planted at the order of Louis the Fourteenth, which had assumed the height of their growth when Marie Antoinette went her way to the guillotine, have gone to make firewood for the palace guards, but in their place now rises another stately line which in a few years will hardly be unworthy of the glory that has gone.

SHAGS AND CORMORANTS

Shags and cormorants, those large dark birds flying like ducks and often seen along our coasts, have usually a bad reputation among fishermen, for they are supposed to feed largely on fishes which otherwise would have been used by man.

The staff of Plymouth Marine Laboratory has been investigating for three years the food of the shags and cormorants in Cornish waters, and the result shows that these birds have been feeding chiefly on unmarketable fishes in fairly shallow water along rocky shores. Many of them have fed almost exclusively on sand eels.

Thus, at any rate in these waters, they are practically harmless. It has been suggested that birds from sandy bays should also be obtained to see if they are feeding on flat fishes.

PICTURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

The exhibition of French art at Burlington House, which is the subject of the first C.N. supplement, has aroused interest in the artists who painted the pictures. Let us consider some of them.

ON the walls of the Royal Academy in Burlington House a thousand paintings and drawings in the Exhibition of French Art tell the story of the search of French painters for beauty through seven centuries.

When the story begins parts of France were English and part almost Fleming. There were provinces of Burgundy and Provence, among others, which hardly recognised a French king. The painters came from them all. They were there before France was a kingdom.

In the First and Second Galleries, where the work of the more ancient artists are assembled, it is not easy to say that all were Frenchmen.

The Master of Moulins

In the First Room, for example, is the portrait of our King Richard the Second from Westminster Abbey, and none knows who painted him, though two French artists are suggested. Other paintings in the room are questioningly attributed to Melchior Broederlam, who is French only by courtesy.

But a French School of painting was springing up though its artists, if they dwelled in Burgundy or farther North, learned from the Schools of Painting of the Netherlands, or, if in Provence and the South, went to Italy.

Some of the most remarkable paintings of this time are simply attributed to the Master of Moulins, because of the famous triptych he painted over the altar in the cathedral there. He is doubtfully named Jean de Perreal or Jean de Paris. The fine picture of St Victor and a Donor lent by the Art Gallery, Glasgow, is attributed to him. Others have thought it was by a Dutchman, Memling or even Van Eyck, but it is a beautiful and reverent work whoever painted it.

Paintings by the Clouets

Uncertainty begins to vanish with Jean Fouquet and has gone altogether with Jean and François Clouet. There is a famous Virgin and Child by Fouquet, and an impressive portrait of Etienne Chevalier, Treasurer to that Charles the Seventh for whom Joan of Arc recovered his dominions. It stood for long in the Cathedral of Meun as part of an altar-piece.

Many an altar-piece pictured unworthy saints. The portraits by the Clouets are more straightforward, and some have a beauty of enamel colouring learned from the Dutch. The long-nosed Francis the First is famous, but there is another long-nosed nobleman who might at a later age have been Cyrano de Bergerac.

Francis the First, who met Henry the Eighth of England on the Cloth of Gold, also tempted Clouet's brush. Charlotte of France, Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth of Austria, who married Charles the Ninth (the king who sanctioned the massacre of St Bartholomew), were drawn by François Clouet.

History in Pictures

It will be seen how much of the history of France itself is written in these earlier pictures. It does not disappear from them for several galleries following them, but is written in a different way.

For example, the brothers Le Nain with their groups of common people tell of the close touch that France kept with the Spanish Netherlands. The fine portrait of the magnificent Cardinal Richelieu by Champaigne echoes the diplomacy of the velvet glove and the steel hand of the masterly Minister of Louis the Thirteenth.

Then when this was all done the art of elegant painting came in and lasted through the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth. It did not begin suddenly. There were some courtly portrait painters first like Rigaud, who painted the Grand Monarch Louis the Fourteenth himself, and

Bossuet, churchman, Jesuit, and orator. Then came Nicolas Poussin, the first French classical painter who can be justly ranked with the great Italians; and after him the deluge of artists who sought to catch the fancy of the luxurious Court of Versailles.

Among them Watteau stands supreme because, in spite of the fragility of his subjects, he was never snickering; he could never be anything but a great draughtsman and a supreme colourist.

With him on the walls hang pictures by Boucher, who had a dainty but by no means lofty fancy; Fragonard, whose nymphs and cupids among the clouds and the flowers are so decorative as almost to excuse their slowness; and Lancret and Nattier, who painted pictures which have come down to us as a marvellous impress of their time.

The Orpen of His Time

An impress of another kind was left by Chardin, who painted not fine ladies but humble subjects, and who is as much above the other artists of his day as Watteau himself. But he found his beauty not in imagined scenes: he created it.

When Jacques Louis David arrived the scene changed. David was the Orpen of his time, as can be seen from his bold picture of M Séziziat in his knee-breeches, who might be an English squire. He painted Bonaparte and led the way for a realistic school.

Prudhon was only half-way with him and a much less capable painter; and we must not forget Gérard, who left us Madame Récamier, and who gave her name to the Récamier settee.

Now also we approach Claude, who painted light in landscape and incited our English Turner to rivalry.

Of very different stuff was Ingres, for whom David paved the way. His portraits have a masterly solidity. They are so alive we can almost touch the flesh.

The Versatile Corot

After Ingres, who lived well into the next century, we come to that French School of the Nineteenth Century, perhaps the next characteristic period of French Art.

There was the versatile Camille Corot, who could paint landscape and trees so beautifully; there was Courbet of Communist Paris, a giant among painters, and the stirring phalanx of the Impressionist School. Manet was among them. His Folies Bergères and his Open-Air Café are among his triumphs here.

Then there was Renoir, who painted the little girl who stands so confidently in her ballet skirt, and the clever picture of the Box at the Opera.

Degas, perhaps the greatest of all the Impressionist School, above them rather than of them, is here also; and then comes a noble company of Claude Monet and Sisley (both of whom painted London), and Camille Pissarro, who painted Paris as none before him.

Masterpiece by Chavannes

Last phase of all are the experimentalists, the Post Impressionists, like Seurat and Signac, who painted in dots with six-foot paint brushes to give an effect of shimmering light, the pioneer Cézanne, who strove for solidity and mass, and Matisse who is surely coming into his own now.

Last of all come Maurice Denis, who put the teaching of the Gospels in modern guise and garments, and Puvis de Chavannes, the noblest of the fresco painters. His finest achievements are irremovable from Paris and Lyons; but there is one picture here by which he may be fairly judged.

It is that of The Poor Fisherman, who in the sad landscape stands as the type of the man acquainted with grief, in its allegory one of the most touching achievements of his century and time.

STOPPING AT THE CASTLE

A Good Thing Doing Well

WALKING THROUGH OUR BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY

The poorest boy or girl will soon be able to say "When I got to Windermere I spent the night at Wray Castle."

Wray Castle is controlled by the National Trust, and the Trust has put it at the disposal of the Youth Hostels.

There are 10,000 members of the Youth Hostels Association, all country lovers, believing that the best way to see the country is to walk through it.

But the pleasure of your walk is a good deal lessened if you have to carry a tent and a ground sheet and blanket with you, and few of the members can afford to pay hotel bills and hotel tips. So a chain of hostels is being made all round England and Scotland and Wales where walkers can get a night's shelter for a shilling. Each must bring his own sleeping sheet and cook his own meal. The hostels are to be 15 miles apart. Already there are 85; by next year there may be 200. It is hoped the National Trust will allow wayfaring democracy to use other famous buildings beside Wray Castle and the City Mill at Winchester.

THE TORCH OF JEAN CZEPULONIS

Long May It Burn

From a Travelling Correspondent

The village of Podbarcie in Poland is too small to have its own school.

One might think, therefore, that it was also too small to have its own newspaper, but this is not so. It has its own weekly paper, much on the style of the C.N. but much smaller—no larger than a man's hand, in fact, and each edition has twelve pages. The copy we saw was all written by hand. There were illustrations and jokes and cross-word puzzles. The devoted editor who does all this work himself is Jean Czepulonis; he calls it the Torch.

Like the C.N., this tiny paper is intended primarily for children, but its appearance each week is eagerly awaited by grown-ups too. The paper's policy is to stress the good things, to encourage cleanliness and tidiness in the village, and a friendly feeling toward all peoples.

Recent numbers of the Torch have been coming out in multigraphed form, for when the news reached Warsaw of the untiring efforts being put forward by Jean Czepulonis to brighten the life of his village with his paper the Polish Red Cross made him a present of a multigraphing machine to lighten his labours.

THE SPARROWS OF BERLIN

A rookery is a delightful addition to a garden in the country, but a spadger in a city street is a very different proposition.

So thinks the dweller in a Berlin flat who has been to see the magistrates about it. His tale of grievance was that thousands of sparrows had selected out of an avenue of 400 trees the very two under his flat in which to nest. Chattering townfolk are these little birds and their friendly gossip as they go to roost at nightfall is almost as bad as the noise they make when they fall out at break of day.

The din has proved too much for our German friend, who has not only asked to be allowed to break his lease but is seeking to recover damages from his landlord as well.

500 YEARS OF FRENCH PICTURES

From the Exhibition at Burlington House

None of the Royal Academy's winter exhibitions of national art has been more notable than the collection of French pictures which is now drawing thousands of visitors each day to Burlington House. Walking round

the 15 rooms we cannot fail to catch something of the bright, happy disposition of the French people. We give in this supplement some of the more interesting of the paintings of the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries.



Etienne Chevalier, Minister of Finance to Charles the Seventh, with St Stephen, his patron saint—by Jean Fouquet (about 1420-1480).



Portrait of a man by a fifteenth-century artist.



Louise de Lorraine, a fifteenth-century portrait.



St Victor and a Donor, believed to have been painted between 1480 and 1520 by the Master of Moulins.



Charlotte of France, painted in 1540 by Jean Clouet.



Francis the First of France, painted between 1516 and 1540 by Jean Clouet.



Centre panel of the triptych in Moulins Cathedral, painted in 1498 by the Master of Moulins.



Mary Ann Waltham, painted by François Quesnel in 1572.



Elizabeth, wife of Charles the Ninth of France, in 1570. School of François Clouet.

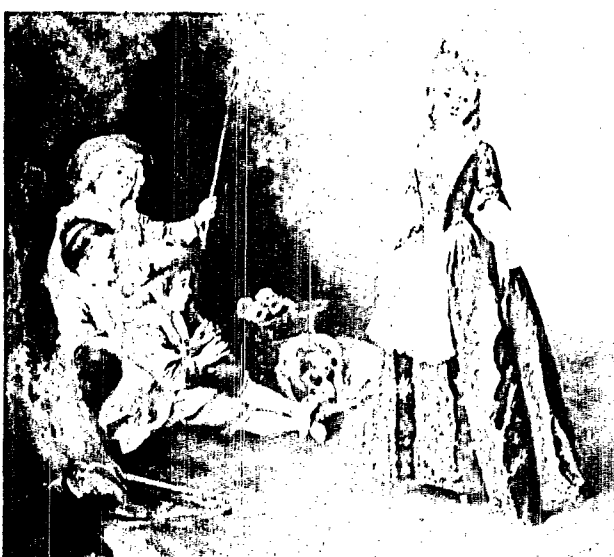
On this page are examples of the work of artists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when French art was beginning to be

variously influenced by the Netherlands painters in the North and by the Italian schools to which the artists of every country went.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH PICTURES OF THE SEVENTEENTH



Portrait of Madame Récamier, painted in 1802 by François Gérard.



The Dance, painted by Antoine Watteau (1684-1721).



Portrait of Madame de Pompadour



La Duchesse de Vicence, painted by Pierre Prud'hon about 1814.



Head of Bishop Bossuet, painted in 1699 by Hyacinthe Rigaud.



The Love Letter, a famous picture by Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806).



The actor Gilles comes painted some time betw



The Inspiration of the Poet, painted during the years 1636 to 1638 by Nicolas Poussin.



D'Alembert, painted in 1753 by Maurice Quentin de La Tour.



Chevotet the architect, painted in 1751 by Jean Baptiste Perronneau.

On these pages are some paintings by the chief French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the great periods of the Court | painters of France. In those days the best painters had little chance of recognition except that accorded to them by the monarchy and

AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE



ur, by François Boucher (1703-1770).



The Cup of Chocolate, painted by Nicolas Lancret (1690-1743).



The Scullery-maid, painted about 1738 by Jean Baptiste Chardin.



Portrait of M Sériziat, painted in 1795 by Jacques Louis David.



Head of Richelieu, by Philippe de Champaigne (1602-1674).



Portrait of Madame Aymon, painted by Jean Ingres in 1806.



ward to greet the audience, 1716 and 1721 by Watteau.



Head of the Marquise d'Eguirandes, by François Drouais (1727-1775).



A Portrait of Jacques Cazotte, by Perronneau.



An Interior, with a peasant family, painted about 1642 by Louis Le Nain.

the nobles, for the artists of the country were, in fact, mobilised to provide pictures, decorations, and objects of art for the palaces and salons of Paris, Fontainebleau, and Versailles. Yet the great Chardin has left us many beautiful canvases of subjects remote from the Court.

FRENCH PICTURES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



The Gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, painted by Camille Pissarro in 1899.



Bubbles, by Manet, painted about 1867.



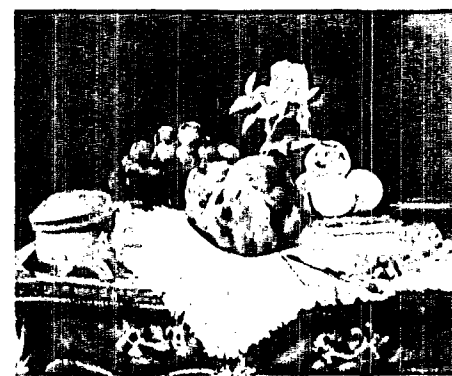
Le Pont de Moret, by Alfred Sisley (1840-1899).



Still-life, a study painted by Paul Cézanne about 1891.



In the Box at the Theatre, painted by Pierre Renoir in 1874.



La Brioché, a still-life study painted in 1870 by Edouard Manet.



Duranty, the critic and novelist who died in 1880. A portrait by Edgar Degas.



The Man with the Hoe, painted in 1862 by Jean François Millet.



Going to Work, by Millet.



A Memory of Mortefontaine, painted in 1864 by Jean Baptiste Corot.



The Dancer, painted in 1874 by Renoir.

The early part of the nineteenth century was a transition period partly influenced by the French Revolution. It was followed first by the creation of a new realistic school of artists and in the second half of the century by those who called themselves Impressionists.

February 20, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

9

THE FAITHFUL CAT

Felix Goes On Sorrowing A TALE ACROSS THE WORLD

There are innumerable stories of dogs who followed their beloved masters to the grave and watched disconsolate, but few people would credit the same devotion to a cat.

The cat's name was Felix, and he was the inseparable companion of Mr T. Lynan, of Melbourne, Australia. He would trot behind him when he went to the tobacconist, he would go to the gate when his master went to buy the evening paper from the paper boy, he would stand on his hind legs and box playfully, and would take his meals from no one else.

When the friendship had lasted eighteen months Mr Lynan died. Felix was inconsolable. He refused to eat, he lay on the front door mat, waiting for his master's return, he wandered miserably around the house.

Like a Sentinel

Four months passed and one day Mr Lynan's daughter took him with them in the car. He took no notice of anything, and then suddenly, as they neared High Street, Prahran, he leaped through the window, ran through the traffic, and was lost to sight. It was impossible to follow him, he had gone so quickly.

A month later Mrs King went to visit her father's grave and on the gravestone was Felix, pacing up and down like a sentinel. He greeted them with effusion, he even boxed with Mrs King's little daughter—but he refused to go home with them. They inveigled him into the car, but he jumped out at the cemetery gates and ran back to the grave, and it was considered kinder to let him stay.

He is still there, gaunt and thin. He will not starve, for there are rabbits to be caught by any wary cat, and people near by will leave tit-bits for him. And every day, waving his broken tail (which puts all doubt of his identity out of question), he paces the grave of the master he loved so much in life.

AFTER SCHOOL

From the West of England comes a report on the working of a scheme which gives advice to children on the choice of a career. The plan applies to boys and girls leaving secondary schools.

In one year 2070 such children were registered and 776 were placed in employment. Every endeavour is made to give the children the best possible information.

It is found that ambition is stimulated by these efforts and that children who wish to enter a certain profession, and who find that they lack the qualifications, are moved to improve themselves.

This is excellent work, and we may hope that it will in time be extended to all children in all classes of schools.

A REMARKABLE CAR

This is an age when any physical disadvantage, due to accident or ill health, is being minimised as much as possible by science.

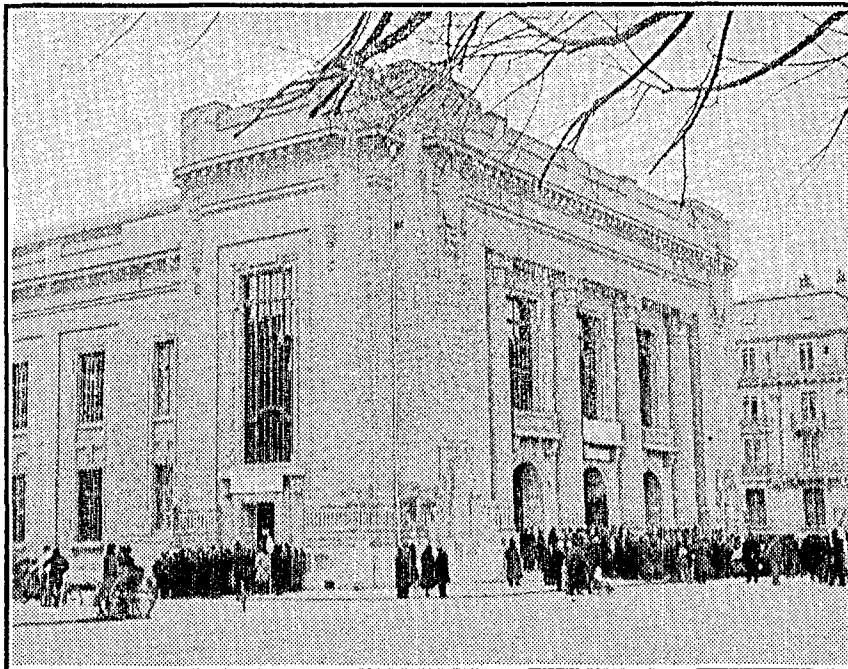
A new French invention in this direction is a motor-car which has been designed for legless people. It has the usual four-wheel brakes and separate back brakes, but both are worked by hand levers. The accelerator is worked by a small lever fitted to the steering column, and the clutch is operated by pressing one's back against the back cushion.

It is not a curiosity, but a practical car that may be driven with safety.

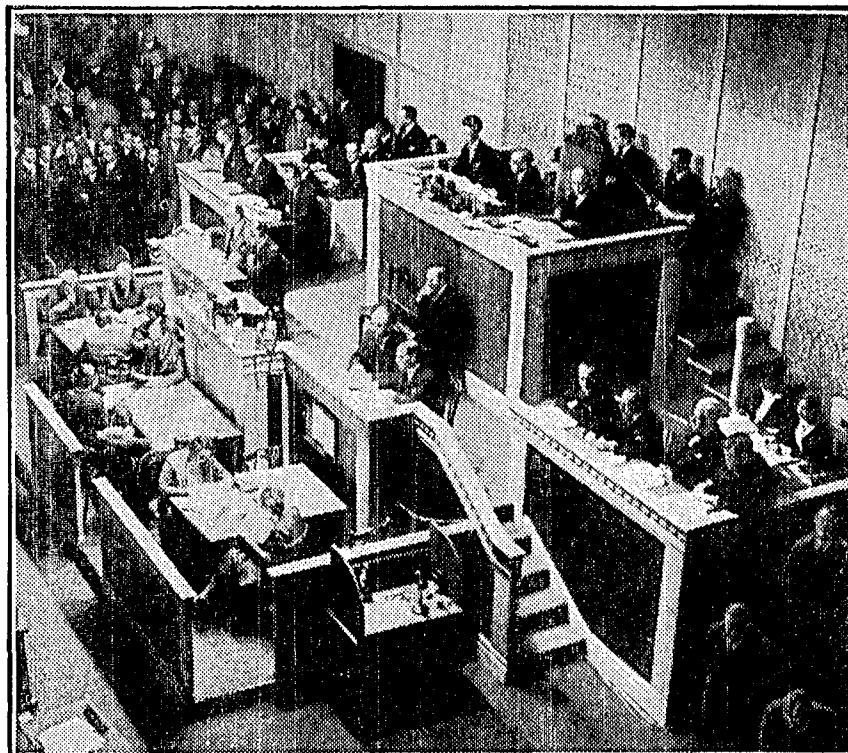
Mrs Emma Clark, who has died at Nottingham, left £1550 "for the use of the King."

The health of the children in the Government Elementary Schools of Pretoria has been improved by giving each child a drink of milk at eleven o'clock.

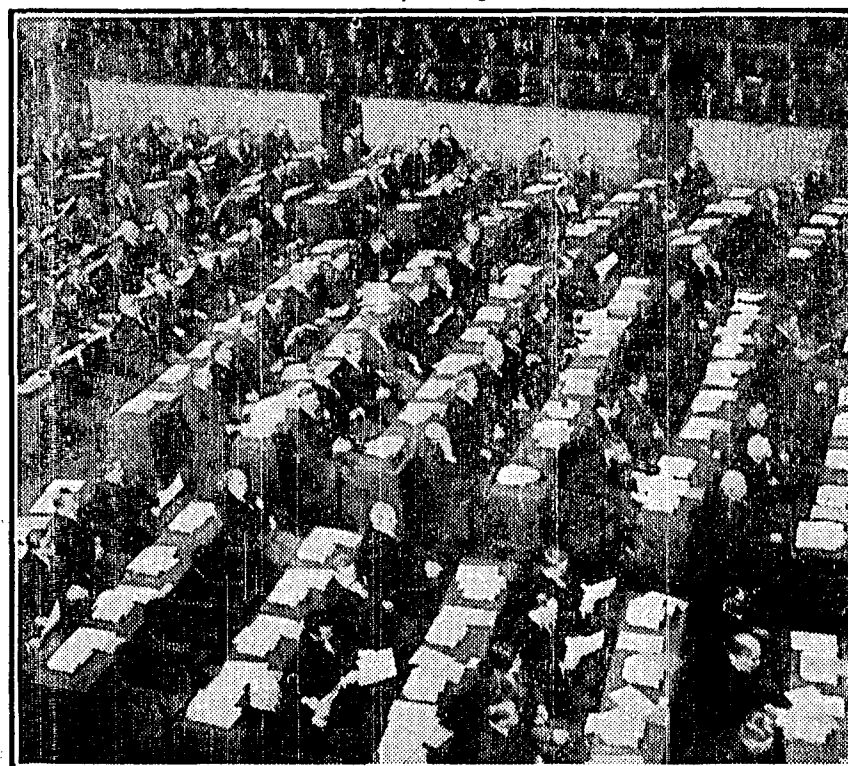
THE PEACE MEETING



The building on which the hopes of the world are focussed



Mr Arthur Henderson presiding over the Conference



Some of the delegates from all parts of the world

Here are pictures of the great Disarmament Conference now being held at Geneva. It may be said that nothing less than the whole future of civilisation depends on the outcome of this historic meeting of the nations. See page 4.

THE SLAVE DOGS OF NICE

A PITIFUL THING

The Faithful Friend of Man and
What Men Do With Him

SOMETHING TO BE DONE

Among the incredible reports which occasionally reach us none has seemed more improbable than that in a French paper to the effect that Nice was using long-haired dogs to clean its drains.

One reader wrote to the Mayor of Nice asking for information on the subject. This is the reply:

It is quite true. For the last twenty years we have been keeping ten brave doggies whose job it is to help in cleaning the town drains. The dogs chosen must be robust and of small size. They are generally recruited from the lost dogs brought to the Dog's Home. Each one has his turn on duty every three days. Our dogs are very well cared for and look perfectly happy.

If the Mayor of Nice really believes these poor drain slaves to be happy he is more to be pitied than blamed.

Lessons From History

Often, it seems, dogs are more generous-hearted than men. History is full of such records, from the story of the dog belonging to King Lysimachus, who, when his master was burned, made a dash and jumped into the fire to be burned also, to the story of the dog who saved his master from drowning in the river where he had just thrown the dog to get rid of him.

Sometimes a dog has shown himself more clever than men. All of us could tell of examples. Here is one.

Annibal was watchdog in a large commercial house in Paris. One morning when the manager entered as usual by the side door and made his tour of inspection of the building he discovered Annibal lying full-length at the front door. Why had he chosen such an unusual sleeping-place?

The explanation was not far to seek. The workman whose business it was to bolt this door every evening had forgotten to do it the night before. Annibal had evidently noticed the omission and corrected it in his own way.

Dogs may be more efficient than men. Let us recall one example.

A Night-time Adventure

It was a dark night. The carriage horse suddenly stopped before a figure doubled up in the middle of the road.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the driver.

"I am a ruined man," answered the stranger. "I was paid £25 for my chief today, and I put the money in my pocket without noticing the hole in it. The gold pieces have slipped out one by one. I have searched the way I came, but have found nothing; it is too dark."

"Have you a single gold piece left?" asked the driver.

"Yes, just one."

"Well, then, give it to me." The driver then called his dog and said: "Here, Tom; smell this money—go, look for it!"

The dog sniffed at the coin for an instant and then began to run along the road with his nose to the ground. After a moment he returned with a coin; another moment and he came back with a second. At the end of half an hour every coin was found.

Yet in Nice they are using dogs as drain brushes. An inquiry is to be made, however, and probably the sad business will soon be ended.

For three months a dog has daily visited the grave of his master at Crook in Durham.

A hen in County Waterford has laid 312 eggs during one year, and someone has offered £20 for it.

AN OPERATION IN A CHURCH

Fighting the King of Shadows

Dr E. C. Hudson is one of the very few men who have ever performed an operation in a church.

He was passing through Bankura, in Bengal, where a missionary has a colony of lepers under his care, and the missionary asked him to perform an amputation. In the leper church were perfect quiet and cleanliness, so there the operation took place.

But if Dr Hudson is the first man to turn a church into an operating theatre he is not the first to turn an operating theatre into a church.

One of the most famous surgeons in the world said to a friend: "In my nursing home, when I operate, it is like being in church. The nurses are praying, I am praying, my assistant is praying. I am sure that helps the unconscious patient, just as the temperature of the room helps him in another way."

The Santal people live in the jungle, hunting by spear, axe, and arrow, and to them the cures of modern science seem miraculous. Dr Hudson, whose hospital stands in a clearing of the jungle, says that it stands as a beacon of light in a great darkness. And the darkness is fear.

Fear has been the great enemy of mankind from the beginning of history; the medical missionary is doing more than most of us just now to fight that ugly king of the shadows.

FLORA KLICKMANN'S BOOKS

The Lady With the Crumbs

The Lady With the Crumbs. By Flora Klickmann. (Putnam 5s.)

Miss Flora Klickmann has won a great and deserved success with her Flowerpatch books, the first of which, *The Flowerpatch Among the Hills*, is now in its 29th edition; but she set herself a harder task with this collection of stories spun together with the gossamer threads of her imagination.

The scene is again laid in her lovely hillside cottage, but this time we are introduced, not to human beings, but to her furred and feathered friends. All children will lose their hearts to the Little White Dog, though Mrs Starling, the charlady, will run him close in their favour, and they will always be newly thrilled by the adventures of the robin who went to town.

We believe young people are much harder to please over books than grown-ups, perhaps because most grown-ups ask no more than a pleasing and interesting story to be read once and put aside. Children read a favourite story again and again, and are consequently more critical.

But this book has been tested in at least one home we know of, where it is an unqualified favourite. Indeed, whether the fortunate child into whose hands it falls be seven years old or seventy years young he will agree that we should all be the poorer without this entrancing story and Mr H. M. Brock's delightful pictures.

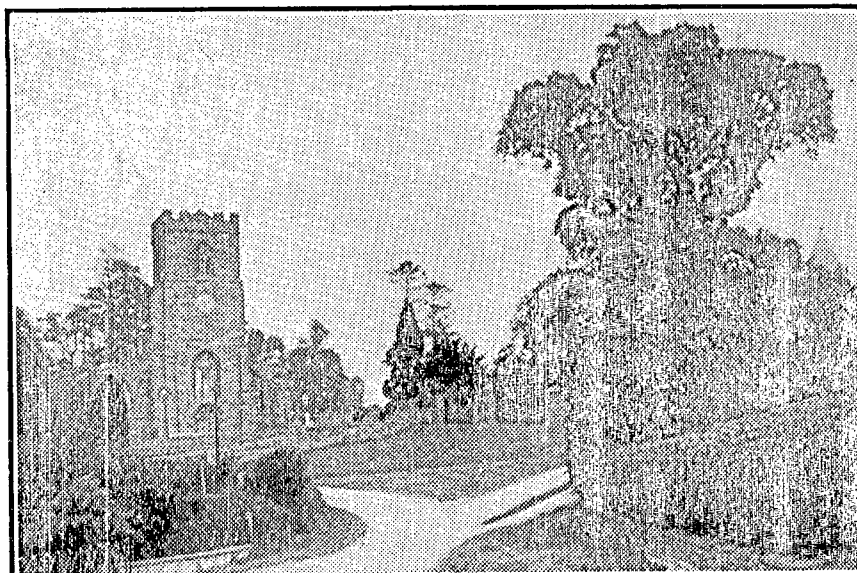
A TINY TRUE STORY

From a Correspondent

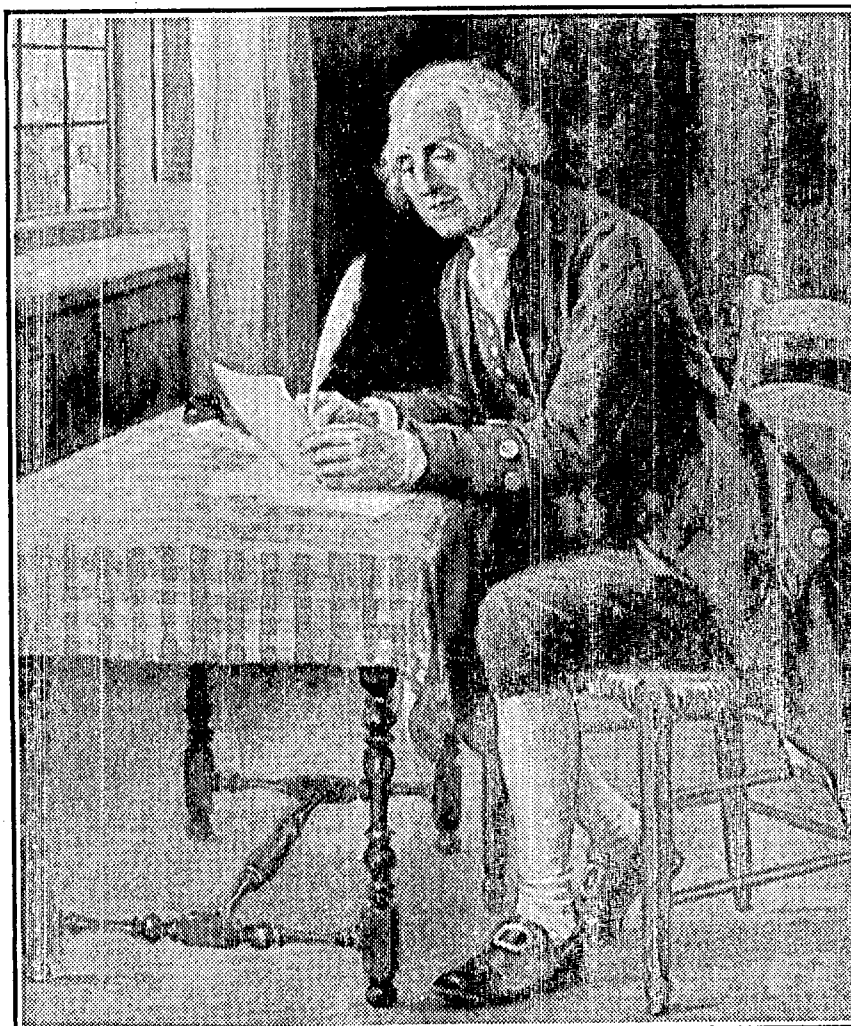
The other day I arrived home from a week-end, feeling very ill with sudden influenza. Retiring to bed, I saw presently a paw come round the door.

It was Muff, my grey Persian cat, come to sympathise. Realising it was not the moment to pet him I had him removed; but loud mews pierced my ears. Cook administered fish and milk in vain; the kitten knew something was wrong, and came to anchor victoriously at last on the pink eiderdown, purring its heart out in affectionate sympathy.

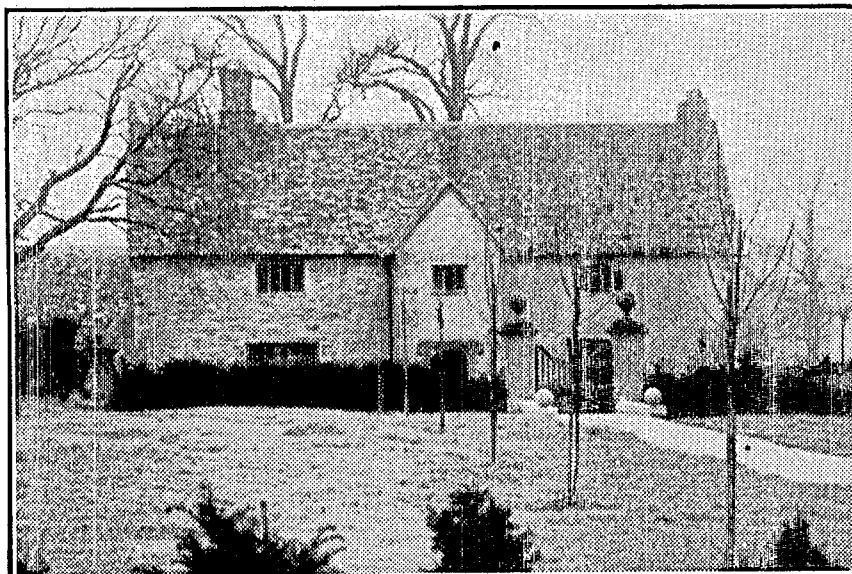
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY



The church of Great Drington in Northamptonshire where lies Laurence Washington, who made his home at Sulgrave Manor



George Washington writes a letter



Sulgrave Manor as it is today

Two hundred years ago on February 22 George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia. England shares America's pride in her first President, for he came of an old English family, whose home, Sulgrave Manor, is today a famous place of pilgrimage.

POLAND'S DEBT OF GRATITUDE

Paderewski Remembers

At a moment when too many people seem to be forgetting past sorrows and past kindnesses alike it is good to learn that Paderewski, the great Polish musician, is not among the number.

He remembers that after the war, when the people of Poland were starving and epidemics ravaging their numbers, America contributed generously to her aid, and with soup kitchens and food distributions kept Poland's children alive. Now America suffers and American children need food.

Paderewski, who worked unflinchingly for his own country in the time of her need, has offered his services to the American Red Cross to make a concert tour which will enable the local branches to raise funds for the vast amount of relief work they are attempting to carry on throughout the United States.

COTTON GLUT

The Disease of Too Much

We now know that the American cotton crop will amount to more than twice last year's cotton consumption. So it is with Egyptian cotton.

This, of course, is very serious for the cotton producers, just as it is serious for the cotton consumers that they have not the means to buy.

Let us think who the cotton consumers are. They really include every man, woman, and child in the world. There are 2000 million people who want cotton goods, yet the poor cotton producers cannot find a market, while the cotton mills are idle, or working short time.

Every boy and girl should take note of this extraordinary position, which points so plainly to that lack of world co-operation which prevents would-be consumers from becoming real consumers.

This is the great problem of the world's work at the present time: How to arrange such a system of exchange as shall enable nation to serve nation, producer to serve consumer.

THE EMPLOYED

We often have occasion to deal with the figures of unemployment. Let us look at the figures of employment.

Unfortunately we cannot year by year state how many people are employed; that can only be stated every ten years, when the census is taken. We can, however, give a close estimate of the number of insured persons employed. Here it is from 1925 to 1931:

1925	9,599,000
1926	9,050,000
1927	10,003,000
1928	10,007,000
1929	10,207,000
1930	9,785,000
1931	9,409,000

This table has the advantage of taking us through a period in which trade declined, then improved, and then again declined.

These figures, with the fact that those insured persons not in work largely received benefit, help us to understand why so few signs of poverty and distress are seen among the mass of the population, save in towns which suffer from the distress in staple trades.

CHRISTIANITY WOULD HAVE SAVED US

A Christian sense of the human whole would have saved us from the blind alleys of economic nationalism, from the suicidal extension and heightening of tariff walls, and from the crowning futility of raising expenditure on armaments to the pre-war level even while we signed pacts for the elimination of war.

The Bishop of Ripon

HOW TO FIND NEPTUNE

Remote World at Its Nearest to the Earth

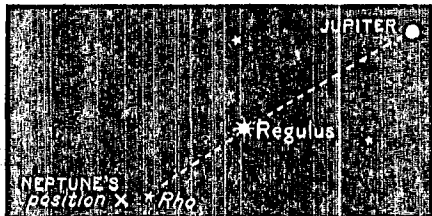
GIANT PLANET'S MOON

By the C. N. Astronomer

That remote world Neptune will be at his nearest to us on Friday, February 26.

He will then be 2710 million miles away. This is over 29 times farther off than the Sun, but nearly a thousand million miles nearer than the little world of Pluto at the present time.

Pluto, the most distant of the Sun's family of worlds, is so faint and small



Where Neptune is situated

that it was not discovered until the beginning of 1930.

Even from the surface of Neptune Pluto would be quite invisible to the naked eye, and would not appear as large or as bright as Neptune appears to us, though Neptune is also much too faint to be seen without a telescope.

But it is easy to find Neptune, for he is at present some way to the left of Jupiter, and not quite so high in the sky. The X on our star-map shows where Neptune is relative to Jupiter and the bright star Regulus. These were described in the C.N. for February 6, and so may be readily identified, high up in the south-east, between, say, 8 and 10 o'clock.

Now the small star Rho in Leo, known to astronomers as Rho Leonis and shown on the map to the left of and below Regulus, is about three times the apparent width of the Moon to the right of Neptune. Were a telescope used, therefore, Neptune would be found in the same field of view as this star, but as there are quite a number of stars there equally as bright it would be necessary to note which one of them moved in order to identify Neptune, for he appears to be travelling toward the right at the present time.

The presence of moonlight until the latter part of next week will make observation, even with a telescope, unsatisfactory, but on any very clear, dark night after, it might be possible to just glimpse him with powerful field-glasses.

A Bluish-Green Disc

When we reflect that Neptune is a world 72 times the size of our own it seems tantalising that it should be invisible; yet we can see his bluish-green disc through a telescope; but how hopeless must it be ever to see our world from Neptune except, perhaps, on rare occasions when the Sun gets eclipsed by Neptune's moon Triton.

For the Earth never appears far from the Sun as seen from Neptune, and, even then, so small and faint would our world appear that a powerful telescope would be necessary to reveal its existence.

We see that Neptune, like the Earth, has a solitary moon revolving round him; but it does so in only 5 days, 21 hours. Now, as the distance of Triton from Neptune averages about 220,000 miles, as compared with the Moon's average distance of 240,000 miles from the Earth, Triton must travel very much faster to get round Neptune in less than a quarter of the time our Moon takes to go round our world.

As Triton is rather more than twice the diameter of our Moon (between 4000 and 5000 miles), eclipses of the Sun must be of much longer duration on those far-off worlds, but there the Sun bestows 900 times less light and heat than we receive and appears only a thirtieth the width he appears to us.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

The League Needs Us All

Number of Members—31,376

The League of Nations has never needed friends so badly to help it in its great task of preventing war. The eyes of the world are focussed on China and Japan, and there has not been a more serious crisis in the history of the League.

Only if everybody helps can the League win through. There is something which even the youngest members of the C.L.N. can do. You can tell your grown-up friends how much the League needs help, and ask them to do all they can to ensure that everybody in your town is backing it in its struggle to maintain peace.

Letters to the editors of local papers, public meetings, appeals by the clergy, these are some suggestions for helping to unite the public opinion of the world in this time of danger.

Now is the time to join what the Prince of Wales has described as the greatest crusade for all—the crusade for world peace; and now is the time for every boy and girl who is not a member to join the Children's League of Nations.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C.L.N., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The C.L.N. Badge

15 AT A MEETING

By the Look-About Lady

It was not exactly like that very successful meeting in Perthshire, to which the scattered populace struggled through a blizzard; three hundred strong.

We are not scattered, but there was a rival meeting in the other hall, where they offered pierrots and music, mixed with only a very little politics, a very tiny bit of seriousness. And there was a fog.

Only fifteen souls assembled in our large hut. The speaker had been sent from London, and was prepared for a hearty muster; but he had had a long journey owing to the dilatory trains, and we were sore at his lukewarm reception.

We spread ourselves over two chairs instead of one, but did not look up until presently the speaker said something that caused us a small thrill of delight. He was paying grateful tribute to the constant support of the Children's Newspaper to the League of Nations. It was, he assured us, most valuable, and intensely appreciated by those at headquarters.

WHO WAS JOSEPHUS?

Born Jerusalem, A.D. 37. Died Rome, 2nd century.

The great Jewish historian was the son of a priestly house, and so early profited by educational advantages that he was frequently consulted as a youth by the high priests and prominent citizens upon points of Jewish law.

After spending three years as the pupil of a hermit he went to Rome. His visit impressed him with the power and resources of that empire, and upon his return he did all he could to dissuade his countrymen from their contemplated rising. His voice was not heeded.

He was swept into the revolutionary movement, and held important military commands until defeated and taken prisoner by Vespasian. Vespasian befriended him, and upon becoming emperor gave him a residence in Rome. Here Josephus produced his immortal literary works.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

HOLLAND AT WAR

Ammunition on the Zuyder Zee

Artillery projectiles in large quantities have lately been moved down the Rhine and into a strategic position in the Netherlands.

Over 700 tons of munitions have been landed at Den Oever, the new village where the 17-mile dam begins that divides the Zuyder Zee from the North Sea and connects the province of North Holland with that of Friesland.

What is the meaning of this? Is Holland at war?

Yes; Holland has been at war for centuries. This is merely the latest move in a long-drawn-out battle with her old besieger the sea. Bitter experience has taught her to keep a close eye on the submarine tactics of her enemy, and when it was discovered that some deep depressions near the new dam were the cause of a great rushing of waters it was decided to fill the holes in.

The ammunition is to be used for this purpose. In this way it will help to make new land for young men to build homes on instead of tearing old land to bits and blowing the men to smithereens. For ammunition it is a noble destiny, but as filler it is expensive stuff.

SCHOOLS NOT FIT FOR SCHOLARS

There is evidence that too many of our rural schools are badly equipped for their important functions.

The truth seems to be that there is a very wide range of efficiency; there are cases in which schools are excellent in every respect; there are others in which the conditions are disgraceful.

Cases exist in which rural schools have no playgrounds, no proper ventilation, no water supply, no gas or electricity, no proper lavatories, and no proper flooring. One teacher speaks of a school in the North of England which might be mistaken for a stable; there is no water supply, and a pigsty adjoins the building!

In this connection, as in many others, we have before us the urgent need for good work to be done while men are unemployed who might be doing it.

OF SUCH STUFF ARE NURSES MADE

When, a short time ago, a nurse in one of the big Paris hospitals was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honour there were grouped round her over thirty people whose lives she had saved.

Madame Georgette Colin has probably saved many more by her skilled nursing, but these she had saved by allowing the transfusion of her blood.

Madame Colin is 52 years old; she has served in hospitals for nearly a quarter of a century; she has given her life-blood 36 times, mostly to patients so poor that they could only give her a Thank-you in exchange. Yet Madame Colin probably thought she had done little to deserve the honour of having this cross pinned on her white blouse.

Of such stuff are our nurses made.

WAITING FOR THE BUS

First Lady, looking at back view of a row of little gardens while the bus waits: Disgusting sight!

Second Lady, at the same time: How charming!

They laughed and questioned one another. One had said disgusting, because the backyards were so chaotic and untidy.

The other had said charming, because every one of the gardens had an aerial, showing that, though Mother may fight a losing battle with muddle all day in thoroughly inconvenient quarters, yet at night she hears music and cheerful and learned voices.



Winter Health and Energy

AS the result of exposure to wintry conditions—rain, fog, and icy winds—the children's natural powers of resistance to infection have been lowered at a time when epidemics are prevalent. To maintain good health and to ensure freedom from infection make delicious "Ovaltine" their daily beverage. This supreme tonic food beverage abundantly supplies the food essentials often missing in sufficient quantities from their ordinary daily dietary.

A PERFECTLY BALANCED FOOD

"Ovaltine" is not a mere mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs, and cocoa. It is a perfectly balanced food prepared from creamy milk from England's richest pastures, ripe barley malt and eggs. It contains in scientifically correct proportions all the fats, proteins, carbohydrates, and mineral salts which are essential to health. The necessary vitamins are likewise present—also in correct ratio. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef tea or 3 eggs.

COMPLETELY ASSIMILATED

This delicious beverage is not only easily and completely assimilated—even when the digestion is impaired—but it assists the digestion of several times its weight of ordinary food. Make delicious "Ovaltine" the daily beverage in your home. Its regular use will ensure abundant energy and glowing health throughout the winter.

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ARTHUR MEE'S MONTHLY FOR MARCH

Should we love our country more than all? Is love of country inconsistent with the preservation of the peace of the world? Read the remarkable article on this subject in the new number of My Magazine, the magazine in which there is something to interest every member of the family. Here are some of the other articles in this number:

Making Your Own Weather

Little Journeys in Queen Elizabeth's England

There is Always Beauty Coming

A Wise Man and His Ideas

What Shall We Do with the Kinema?

Included among the pictures is a set showing the Ships of London River; and there are stories, poems, and puzzles. Buy a copy now.

MY MAGAZINE

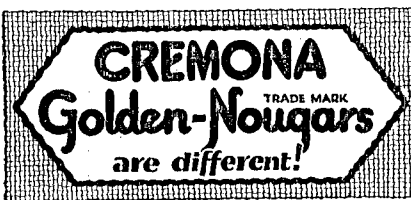
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Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by
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PARIS GIVES A RED RIBBON

The First Telephone Hero

In Paris the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour was recently awarded to a man named Giroudaux because he had been the first person who, fifty years ago, subscribed to the newly-introduced telephone—truly a heroic deed!

In the eighties of the last century there were only about 200 telephone subscribers in Paris; at first they had no numbers, but were rung up by name.

It is difficult to imagine how this system could have been kept up even for a week, though of course it is possible that wrong names were called less often than wrong numbers are now.

TEN-SHILLING-A-WEEK HOUSES

Possible and Desirable

The Ministry of Health has done an excellent thing in urging local authorities to give special attention to the housing of the poorest people.

Although building costs are still much higher than before the war it is now possible to build small houses to let at reasonable rents. A house containing one fair-sized combined kitchen and living-room and three bedrooms can be built to let at a rental not exceeding 10s a week, including rates.

We are glad that the Ministry does not suggest that this should be the only type of house built by local authorities, but there is a strong case for giving first attention to the poorest members of the community, especially as it is true that there are districts both in town and country where such accommodation cannot be had for less than 12s 6d or even 15s a week.

NEW RUBBER?

Coal, limestone, salt, and water have given a new synthetic rubber of such remarkable quality that scientists have discussed the possibility of the end of the rubber tree being in sight.

It is perhaps rather like the cry of Wolf, for there have been many sad failures in the world of chemistry in connection with the imitation of natural rubber. The new substance is not the result of a sudden discovery, but of years of labour of a staff of distinguished chemists in the famous laboratories of du Pont de Nemours.

The hall-mark of their success is really the fact that an X-ray photograph of the arrangements of the atoms in the artificial rubber shows it to be exactly the same as that of natural rubber. The structure of the molecules is identical. This is proof conclusive that the problem has been really solved.

A very valuable feature of the new rubber, to be called Duprene, is that it can be vulcanised by heat, and requires no sulphur, as does natural rubber.

WHAT EVERYONE CAN DO

There is a very strong feeling of resentment, which I have heard expressed as vehemently in the cottage as in the country house, against the disgusting desecration of our roads and fields by hoardings and dazzle-signs.

I and many of my friends agreed some time ago to taboo all cars, motor accessories, hotels, pleasure resorts, and such-like which foul the countryside with their announcements.

It is no hardship; there are plenty of alternatives.

An association formed for this purpose, if it kept the commercial mind informed as to the negative effect of such advertising, would, I believe, prove salutary.

Cecil Headlam

A BIT OF THE STONE AGE FOR MAIDSTONE

The Treasures at Our Doors

Maidstone Museum has lately received a fine Stone Age axe. It is a chipped flint nearly nine inches long and about 5000 years old.

The most interesting thing about it, perhaps, is its discovery. It was lying under a hedge in a lane. To most people it was just a stone, but a school-girl knew it for a handworked flint and carried it home in triumph.

Only the day before she had had a lesson on the Stone Age, and had set out to look for flints. We can imagine her mother smiling and saying "Poor child! I am afraid she will come back very crestfallen."

This is not the first time that the sharp eyes of a child have made a notable discovery. It was little Mary Anning who discovered a monster in the cliffs near Lyme Regis, and so gave modern man his first sight of the ichthyosaurus.

There is no need to imagine that you have to be old before you can be a discoverer. If you cannot go looking for ruined cities in Asia you may look for treasure on a country walk in England, and find it sticking out of a cliff or lying under a hedge.

BRIGHTON AND THE DOVECOTE

Aids For the Kitchen in Medieval Days

It is interesting to learn that Brighton Town Council wants to buy and preserve for ever a medieval dovecote.

The dovecote is not like the modern idea of a dovecote, which accommodates one or two pairs. Our ancestors did not keep doves as pets so much as poultry. The Lord of the Manor had fishponds and dovecotes in his garden, not as ornaments but as means of getting fresh meat when other means failed, when the huntsman came home from the woods empty-handed, and the household was heartily sick of the salted meat that served our ancestors through the winter. In those days you could not run round to a brightly-tiled shop and order what you wanted to eat.

So this dovecote has 550 nesting-places. It is built of flint, is round, is buttressed, and is a regular fortress of a dovecote.

It stands at Patcham, and is mentioned in a document of 1653 as being the property of Anthony Stapley, who signed the death warrant of Charles Stuart. We hope he did not sign the death warrant of many doves.

HARVEST OF THE STORM

On the shores of the Baltic a strange harvest is being collected.

The recent storms have washed an almost unprecedented amount of amber ashore. In December over 700 pounds of the precious substance was collected, and the January storms enabled the amber-fishers to collect a ton more.

Even in summer months amber is sometimes found on the seashore of the island known as the Kurische Haff, which lies off the coast of East Prussia, but the laws regarding its collection and disposal are strict, and only authorised collectors are allowed to pick it up.

All amber is the property of the Government, but permission to collect it is given to fishermen. They are given badges, and are required to take the amber to specially-appointed receivers, who pay a price according to its size and quality. It is then sold at various exchanges, and after being polished and worked is sent to all parts of the world.

NEW FACTORIES FOR OLD ENGLAND Foreign Manufacturers On British Soil

The contention of the C.N. that there is no better place in the world for work than this country is being realised by many foreign manufacturers.

It is reported that about 250 foreign firms have inquired about starting factories here and that a number have taken important sites in the South of England.

That is to speak of the near future, but already important foreign firms have established branches here to avail themselves of British advantages. Among these, to name a typical example, is the British Electrolux Company, which has a factory at Luton employing some 2000 workers. The factory is a fine one, standing on some 200 acres of land, and it has a capital of a million pounds.

It is said that the Great Western Railway Estate Department, which controls a good deal of land in the country, has recently negotiated sites with some 20 manufacturers.

From the Midlands we have news of the success of a German firm engaged in the hosiery trade which is a large employer of labour.

THE ZANZIBAR ANTHEM

Our military bands have had another imposition thrust on them.

According to a new Army Order all bands should be in possession of at least one set of the music of the Zanzibar National Anthem.

This addition to the repertoire of national anthems brings the number to over fifty, but the latest arrival is said to be the most difficult. It is of British composition, however, and British bands will, we hope, have little difficulty in mastering it before we have the pleasure of a visit from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

A RAILWAY BIRTHDAY The Bad and the Good Metropolitan

The Metropolitan Railway has entered on its Diamond Jubilee Year.

It was the first underground railway in the world, and ran its first train in January, 1863. Still it does much work in tunnels, but while its heart is in the metropolis its branches now reach far out into the country around London. The original line was from Farringdon Street to Bishop's Road, Paddington.

Thirty years ago the tunnels used by the Metropolitan Railway were avoided by many people because of the smoke, dirt, and darkness. The atmosphere was insufferable. In 1904 electric traction was introduced, making it one of the pleasantest railways to travel upon. Now 1500 trains are handled daily at Baker Street Station, and the annual train journeys on the line number about a million.

THE AIR SCOUTS

The first wireless telephone station for airmen scouts has been established at Hendon.

Everybody knows the familiar A.A. scouts who patrol the roads and act as traffic guides at dangerous corners. The Aviation Division of the association is now to send advice to airmen from a number of these radio telephone stations.

The Moth type of aeroplane, with a new kind of aerial stretched between the wing tips and the tail, can pick up these messages over a distance of a hundred miles. A new kind of loud speaker, too, has been invented which makes it much easier for the pilot or his passengers to hear.

With this apparatus a beginner making his first solo flight can hear the voice of his instructor as distinctly as if he were with him in the machine.

FATHER JACKO LAYS THE CARPET

FATHER JACKO, having firmly refused to supply a new carpet for the stairs, had promised to re-lay the old one so that the worn parts should be less in evidence.

Mother Jacko couldn't be said to jump at the offer. Father wasn't too successful in the rôle of handy man, but

"No, thank you!" he replied. "Keep out of my way," he added. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

But Jacko, industrious lad, was already half-way up the stairs.

"Come down!" shouted his father.

"That's all right, Dad!" said Jacko soothingly. "It takes two to do a job



Jacko did the rolling

he so enjoyed pottering about in the house that she felt she hadn't the heart to stop him.

As soon as dinner was over he collected his tools, and started operations.

For a time he was so quiet that she wondered if he was having a little doze. And then the garden gate banged and in came Jacko.

"What's Dad up to?" he asked as he went into the kitchen.

"Re-laying the stair carpet for me, dear," replied his mother.

"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko. "It's me for that job!" And out he rushed.

"Want a hand, Dad?" he cried.

Father Jacko suddenly came to life.

like this. I'll hold the carpet while you get the nails out!"

"Very well!" growled Father, unwillingly. "But none of your larks, or off you'll go!"

Jacko grinned. He seated himself on the top stair and watched his father getting busy.

Bit by bit the carpet came up.

"That's done it, my lad!" cried Father at last. "Now get ready and we'll roll it up!"

Jacko did the rolling. Unfortunately he did it so promptly that he gave his father no chance to jump clear—and the next minute the poor man was sitting in a heap on the mat.

End CHILDISH AILMENTS Mothers welcome this new, safe pleasant way!

So many minor ailments from which children suffer are caused by dangerous poisons which clog the system. There are many ways of removing these poisons; but none so efficient, so safe, so pleasant as Feen-a-mint, the chewing laxative. Feen-a-mint is a firm favourite with children: they love its clean, fresh mint flavour. There is no pain with Feen-a-mint, no after-effects: and it is definitely non-habit-forming. Buy Feen-a-mint today. A 1/3 box lasts for weeks!



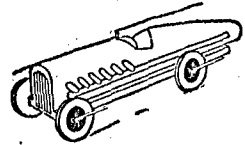
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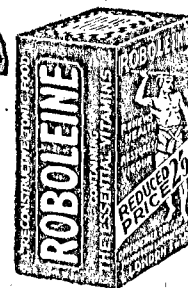
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THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 39

The Word of a Spaniard

YARM came closer. Derek was badly scared. Although his disguise had been good enough to deceive Tod he had a nasty feeling that Yarm might see through it. Besides, if Yarm were not suspicious, what brought him here to the prison at this hour?

Zupa, Micura's brother, was in charge of the guard. Yarm spoke to him, but Derek did not understand what he said.

At this critical moment a loud explosion sounded outside, followed a moment later by a second. Derek recognised the sounds as shots from Tod's old double-barrel gun; but shots had so seldom been heard in the valley that the guard all looked badly startled, and as for Yarm, he turned and hurried out.

Derek sighed with relief. He turned to Zupa, raising his eyebrows, and Zupa signed back that it was all right. So it was, for to Derek's relief Yarm did not return.

"Good old Tod!" said Derek to himself. "He must have seen Yarm messing around and fired on purpose to get him out."

The first work of the night guard was to see that the prisoners had their supper, and Zupa managed that Derek should take in the meal. He found Dolaro and his men in a large, bare room which, however, was clean and fairly airy. Some were seated on the floor with their backs against the wall; others were lying in hammocks. All looked listless and dispirited.

Dolaro himself sat on a stool, with his chin resting on his hands, the picture of despair. It was plain to Derek that he understood, better than the others, how desperate was their case.

Derek laid his tray of food on the floor, for there was no table. Some of the men came forward for their portions, but others did not move. Derek came near to Dolaro.

"I am a friend," he whispered in Spanish.

The effect of his words was electrical. Dolaro stiffened, his whole expression changed, and his dark, muddy-looking eyes brightened.

"Do not speak loudly," Derek cautioned him. "And do not let your men show any excitement."

Dolaro nodded and hissed a quick command to his men.

"I am Derek Fair. Like you, I and my friends want to get out of this valley. If I help you to escape do you give me your solemn promise to molest us no longer?"

"I swear it," said Dolaro eagerly. "I will take any oath you wish."

"Your word is all I ask," said Derek quietly. "The word of a Spaniard should be as good as any oath."

"You are right, Senor. Save our lives, and you and your friends and your goods go safe, so far as we are concerned. You agree, my men?"

"We agree," was the answer, and there was no doubt in Derek's mind they meant it. He glanced round to make sure that no one was listening, then went on quickly.

"This place is built of adobe. You can dig your way out."

"We have tried it," growled Dolaro, "but we have no tools."

"I have brought you some," He handed him the two bronze daggers. Dolaro clutched them eagerly.

"Si, they will do," he said.

"Listen," said Derek. "You will cut a hole on the North side and you must be very careful to hide the earth. Yarm, the priest, is already suspicious; if he finds out what is being done all hope is gone. Do not break through the outer wall, but leave a thin shell. Then wait for a dark night. On the first night of clouds I will give a signal by taps. Three—one—three. You understand?"

"I understand," Dolaro answered earnestly.

"Then," said Derek, "we will go quietly down to the bridge, seize the guard, tie them, and so escape; after which we will cut the bridge behind us."

"The plan is good," said Dolaro with emphasis. "And I will guarantee that the guards make no sound." A savage gleam came into his dull eyes.

Derek raised a hand. "Not one of them is to be killed. Remember that. Unless you promise this I and my friends will have nothing to do with the business."

Dolaro glowered. "You are foolish. These men have horns, and their sound will rouse the whole valley."

"We will tie and gag them and take their horns, but I will not have one of them hurt. They are my friends, and in guarding the bridge doing only their duty."

Dolaro scowled again, and there were ugly looks on the faces of some of his men. But Derek was firm.

"Take it or leave it," he said curtly. "But if you leave it remember that I wash my hands of the whole business, and that the date of your execution is fixed for the night of the full moon, which is now only nine days away."

This scared them, and Dolaro hastened to accept the conditions laid down. Then Derek went out. He had to spend the rest of the night in the prison, but Yarm did not come back, and very early in the morning Derek got safely back to his quarters. He had just finished washing off the brown stain when Tod came in, eager to hear what had happened. Derek told him and Tod nodded.

"Yes, I spotted Yarm mooching around," he said. "I thought he might be making trouble, so I let off the old scatter gun and he came running. I told him I was shooting a vampire bat, and he swallowed it." He paused and his face grew grave. "But see here, Derek, there's one snag I see ahead. You've told Dolaro to wait for a dark night, but the rains aren't due yet and the odds are against it."

"I know," admitted Derek. "If we don't get one before the full moon it's going to be pretty serious."

CHAPTER 40

A Night of Storm

DAY followed day and not a sign of rain. Sometimes clouds gathered in the afternoon, but they were gone before sunset, and the nights were brilliant. Derek grew very anxious, and so did Tod. Kespi said little, but he was more silent than ever these days.

From the prison Tod had news that Dolaro and his men had cut through the wall and were eagerly awaiting the signal. Micura told him they were growing very restless, and Derek began to be afraid that they would take matters into their own hands and make a bolt.

Time dragged by until only three days were left before the date of the full moon.

"Why not try it tonight?" suggested Tod. "There's two hours' darkness before dawn, tomorrow there'll be only one."

"No," Derek spoke doggedly. "No; I'll give the weather every chance. Micura says there's rain coming."

"Not much sign of it," replied Tod dryly, as he stared up at the blue sky.

"These natives know," insisted Derek, but he was not happy. What made him still more uncomfortable was the fact that old Yarm seemed to be full of suspicion. He had taken to dropping in at all sorts of hours, and when Derek met him at the Palace he was gruff and sometimes rude.

"Might almost think the old pig read my mind," Derek told Tod.

All that day Derek kept watching the sky. It was intensely hot, yet looked as fine as ever.

Night came. There was not a breath of wind moving; the air had a sticky and oppressive heat as Derek went to the Palace for supper. Tod had cried off, and sent an apology to Koh, saying he did not feel very well, which was true enough for he had a headache.

Still no clouds and the great moon burned in the night sky, casting black shadows as Derek walked. Derek found it very hard to keep his attention on what Koh and Mesne were saying, and it was all the more difficult because Kespi was not there to translate. Kespi, as Derek knew, was busy getting things ready for the journey.

People went to bed early in the valley, and it was only a little after eight when Derek got away. Still the moon shone, and still the sky was clear. Yet it seemed hotter than ever, and Derek was glad of his cool bath before turning in. Tod came in.

"I guess Micura was a bit off," he remarked. "We'll have to wait till the moon's down."

"Looks like it," said Derek. "Is everything ready?"

"All set," replied Tod. "You'd better get a snooze. I had a nap this afternoon. I'll wake you in good time."

"Don't suppose I shall sleep," said Derek with a sigh.

Yet after a while he dropped off.

A roaring sound roused him. It was not thunder, and for a moment or two he lay drowsily, wondering what was happening.

Tod was beside his hammock.

"I guess I've got to apologise to Micura," he said. "Here's the rain, and I never saw the like of it in all my life."

Derek shot up. "Rain!" he repeated. "It sounds like a cataract."

"That's just what it is," said Tod.

"Splendid!" cried Derek.

The rain was coming down perfectly straight, but with a power and fury that was terrifying. When they reached the street the water stood six inches deep. It was impossible to see a yard ahead.

But it was only a very short distance to the prison. Somehow the two boys struggled and waded to the building, and Derek made his signal by knocks on the outside wall; then he put his head close against the wall and listened.

Someone was moving inside. There were scratching, thumping noises, and a few minutes later a mass of stuff fell outwards, revealing a three-foot hole in the thick wall. Dolaro was the first to crawl out.

"Is it you, Senor Fair?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"It is I and the Senor Milligan. All is ready."

Dolaro straightened his bulky form.

"But the darkness. Shall we ever find our way to the bridge?"

"I'll find it," said Derek briefly. "Bring your men along. Better tell them to hold on to one another."

"Our stores and guns, Senor?" Dolaro questioned anxiously.

"They are hidden among the trees close to the road. Do not disturb yourself. All will be well."

"You are confident, young sir," said Dolaro, and there was a sort of unwilling admiration in his heavy voice.

"Come," said Derek quietly. "There is no time to waste. This rain is too heavy to last long."

Dolaro's men were already out.

"They'll get a wash for once in their lives," remarked Tod in English to Derek. Derek chuckled.

"I'll go first," he said to Tod. "You follow behind them and keep them up to the mark."

It was impossible to go fast, and the procession splashed slowly along.

Derek kept to the road. He could never have found his way among the trees, but he felt pretty sure that no one would be out in this downpour. About a hundred yards from the bridge-head he stopped and spoke to Dolaro.

"Wait here. Kespi and Manacan are close at hand with the stores."

Almost as he spoke two dim figures splashed up to them from under the trees.

"Is all well?" came Kespi's voice.

"All right, so far!" Derek answered.

"Stores here," said Kespi briefly. "Tell men take their loads."

With some difficulty they got the loads sorted out. Dolaro's men were given their guns, but Derek had taken the wise precaution of keeping all their cartridges in a separate pack, which Manacan carried.

Before moving on he spoke again to Dolaro. "Remember your promise, Senor. The men of the guard are not to be hurt."

"I have given my word," replied Dolaro rather sulkily.

"Then let us get forward. The rain is already slackening."

This was true, yet even so it was still coming down with a steady roar which drowned all other sounds.

The bridge guards were all in their guard house. The unfortunate Indians got the shock of their lives when the door was suddenly burst open and the place filled with white men carrying guns. The Indians, of course, did not know that these were not loaded, and they made little or no resistance. Their leader did put his horn to his lips, but Tod wrested it from him.

"Too easy," said Tod with a laugh, as he helped to tie the last of the Indians.

"Don't crow. We're not out of the wood," returned Derek. "Kespi, tell them, please, that we mean them no harm. Then let's get away for the rain is stopping."

A sudden glare of white light lit the dark little place, and was followed instantly by a rattling peal of thunder.

Derek started. "I didn't expect this," he said uneasily.

Kespi made for the door.

"We go quick," he said, with unusual sharpness. For the moment the rain had quite stopped and the only sound was the splash of water pouring off the level into the deep ravine. Suddenly the lightning glared again, and between him and the bridge Derek saw a small, compact figure.

"Yarm!" he gasped, and ran forward.

But Yarm darted aside and ran with astonishing speed back into the trees. Next moment his horn was sounding and Derek knew the call. It was for help.

Tod started to chase Yarm, but Derek called him back.

"That's no use," he said sharply. "Our only chance is to cross the bridge and cut it behind us."

TO BE CONTINUED

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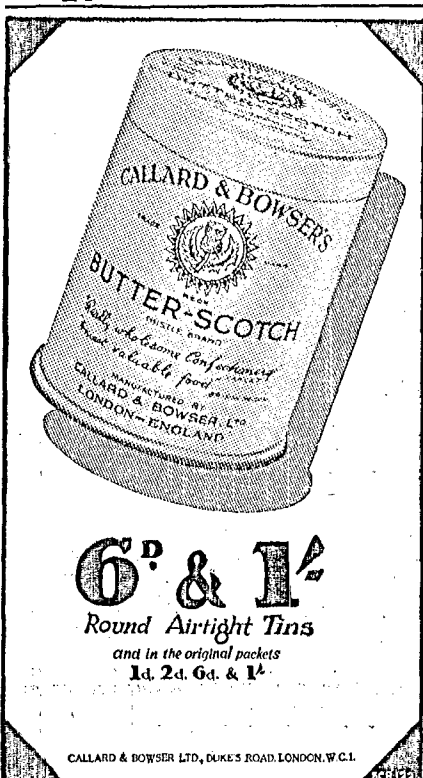


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February 20, 1932

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THE BRAN TUB

Setting a Watch

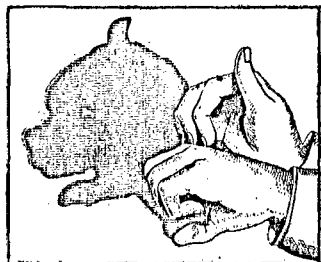
JOHN was puzzled by the way Father set his watch right. "Why did you turn the hands backward?" he asked.

"Well," replied Father, "my watch had stopped at 2.30, and if I had turned the hands forward I should have had to turn them nine times as far."

What was the time?

Answer next week

Shadowgraphs



How to make a dog

The Green Woodpecker

THE peculiar, laughing cry of the Green Woodpecker can now be heard. The popinjay, as it is sometimes called, is one of the most handsome of British birds. It has an olive-green back, a crimson crown, and a black face.

The bird creeps up a tree-trunk in spiral fashion, extracting insects from crevices in the bark with its long, sticky tongue. The tail-feathers are specially strong to assist the bird in climbing.

Do You Live in Manchester?

THE name Manchester is derived from the Welsh word man, a place, and the Old English ceaster, a Roman city, from the Latin castra, a camp.

What Am I?

I HAVE but one eye, and that without sight, Yet it helps me, whatever I do; I am sharp without wits, without senses I'm bright, The fortune of some, and of some the delight, And I doubt not I'm useful to you.

Answer next week

Idol On Parle Français



Une idole Le chevreau L'encre

Les patients adorent leurs idoles. Le chevreau broute l'herbe du pré. Il me faut une bouteille d'encre.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

CAPTAIN PETERS's allotment was at the top of the hill. To visit him meant a dreary walk through a maze of dreary allotments, where dreary little men potted around dreary little black sheds. But the Captain's allotment was different; a new world started at the top of the hill.

"Ahoy!" bawled the Captain, as a visitor appeared round a row of runner-beans. "What boat are you?"

The visitor shouted out his name.

"Where bound?"

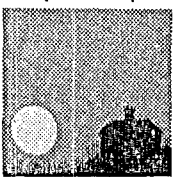
"For Cap'n Peters."

"Avast! I'll send a boat for ye!"

Then the Captain came down his allotment to meet his guest, and when they did

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the West, and Saturn in the South-East. In the evening Venus is in the South-West; Jupiter and Neptune are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on February 24.



Three Sums

CAN you arrange the ten digits in three arithmetical sums (employing three of the four operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division), and using each digit only once?

To make it clear here is an example:

30 ÷ 6 = 5 7 - 3 = 4 8 ÷ 1 = 8

But this is not correct because 3 is used twice and 2 is not used at all.

Answer next week

Bubbles

HERE is a little experiment to carry out with a glass of lemonade, soda-water, or any aerated drink, and some grape stones or raisin pips.

Rub one of the stones clean and drop it into the glass. Almost at once it sinks, but after lying at

the bottom for a few moments it rises to the surface. Then down it goes again to rise a little later, and so the process goes on.

This is what happens. When the stone is at the bottom it collects a certain number of gas bubbles and these carry it to the top. The bubbles then burst and the stone sinks. This up-and-down movement will continue as long as there is sufficient gas left in the liquid. It is interesting to have five or six stones in the glass at the same time.

How They Worked

HUGO. When Victor Hugo lived on the island of Guernsey he had a writing-room at the top of the house. More than half of the walls were glass so that he could look across the sea toward France. There was a camp bed in a corner of the room, close to the writing-desk; and pens, ink, and paper were always placed ready to be taken up at any hour.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

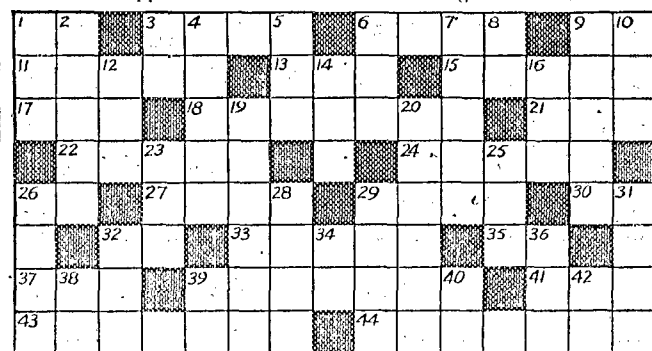
The Two Candles. 8.30. First candle burns 1½ inches an hour; second burns 2 inches an hour, gaining ½ inch an hour. It therefore gains 1½ inches in 2½ hours.

A Picture Puzzle. TENT, wave, float, PEAR—Envelope.

What Country Is This? Albania.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 52 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. In the direction of. 3. Spoken. 6. Kind. 9. Royal Academician*. 11. A coloured clay. 13. An artist's honour*. 15. Cultivated spot in the desert. 17. Born. 18. Searched for. 21. Writing fluid. 22. A grotesque trick. 24. Approaches. 26. Indefinite article. 27. A paragraph. 29. A metal. 30. Printer's measure. 32. Suggests one. 33. A caterpillar. 35. Toward. 37. Popular boy's name. 39. Charge levied on letters. 41. Mischievous little person. 43. Taxes. 44. Stinging plants.

Reading Down. 1. Measure of weight. 2. Sea. 3. Conjunction. 4. Refurnish. 5. A Burmese gibbon. 6. To sink. 7. A round-up of cattle. 8. Territorial Army*. 9. To wash lightly. 10. To demand. 12. Lays eggs. 14. A sheep. 16. A title. 19. Mexican animal of the cat tribe. 20. To make furious. 23. Valuable metal. 25. An emmet. 26. Prefix meaning against. 28. Bulk. 29. A cruel ruler of Russia. 31. Representations of the Earth's surface. 32. Ampère*. 34. Right*. 36. Will not mix with water. 38. Order of Merit*. 39. Postscript*. 40. Latin for and. 42. Myself.

THE GOOD SHIP MARY CLEMENS

Inside the shed was as perfect a ship's cabin as one could have—on an allotment.

The ports had little curtains; there were two bunks; a central table with two forms, all clamped to the floor for 'when she rolls'; a book-shelf; a map of the allotments; an alcove that was the galley; and lastly the log, wherein the Captain recorded the first sightings of his seeds, his crops (cargoes), his visitors, and the weather.

The Captain was very proud of the good ship Mary Clemens. He lived aboard, except at night when he returned reluctantly to his cottage. He was not popular with neighbouring allotment-holders because of his pride in his own ship and his con-

Dr MERRYMAN

The Director

JACK: I've an uncle who is a director in London.

Bill: Of a well-known firm?

Jack: You misunderstand me. He's a traffic policeman.

Matched

MR HARDMAN addressed a new member of his staff.

"I'm a man of few words," he said. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"I, too, am a man of few words, sir," was the reply. "If I shake my head that means I'm not coming."

Meat Meals



"UPON that hungry woodman," said The Axe, "let's pity take. I can supply him with some chops, And you'll provide a stake."

Helpful

DINER: This food is stone cold.

Waiter: Really, sir? Shall I close the window, sir?

Bones

THEY were discussing their school lesson on anatomy.

"I've got about eight hundred bones in my body," said Bob.

"But Teacher said there were only about two hundred in the human skeleton," protested Peter.

"Yes, I know; but I had sardines for breakfast."

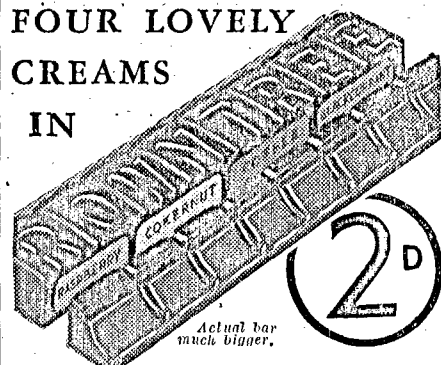
The Wrong Line

HE was trying to make an urgent telephone call when the lines became crossed. His voice interrupted a conversation on dress between two ladies, one of whom asked indignantly, "What line do you think you are on?"

"It sounds like the clothes line," replied the man, as he hung up the receiver.

HARD or SOFT?

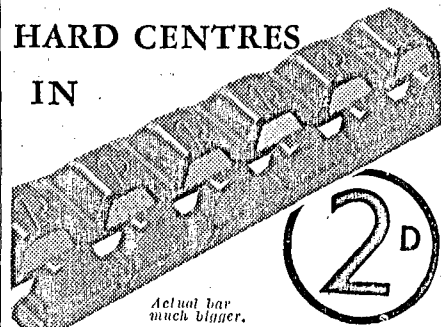
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